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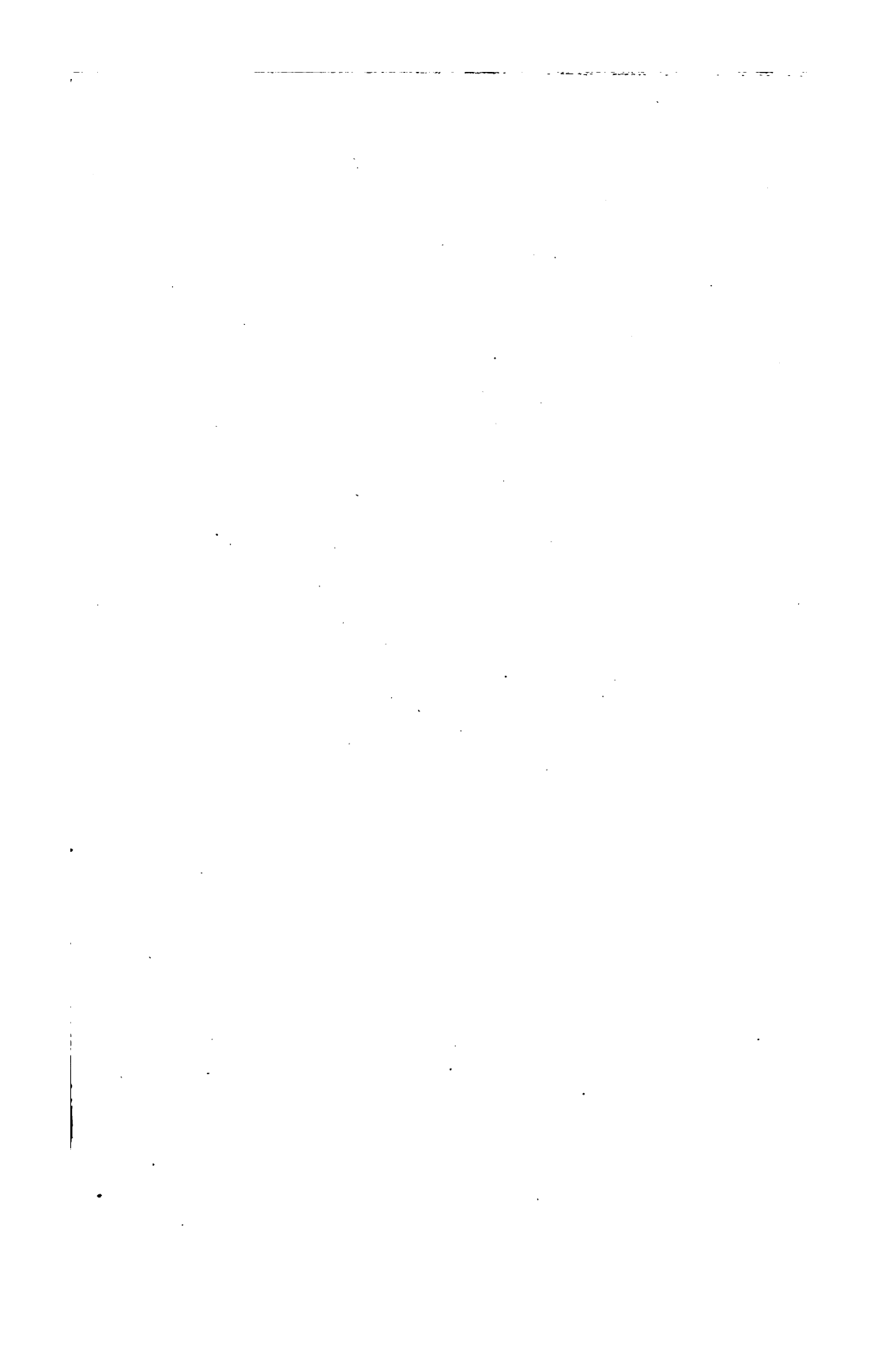
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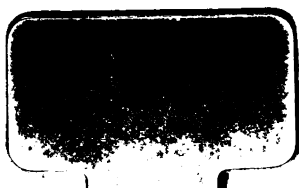
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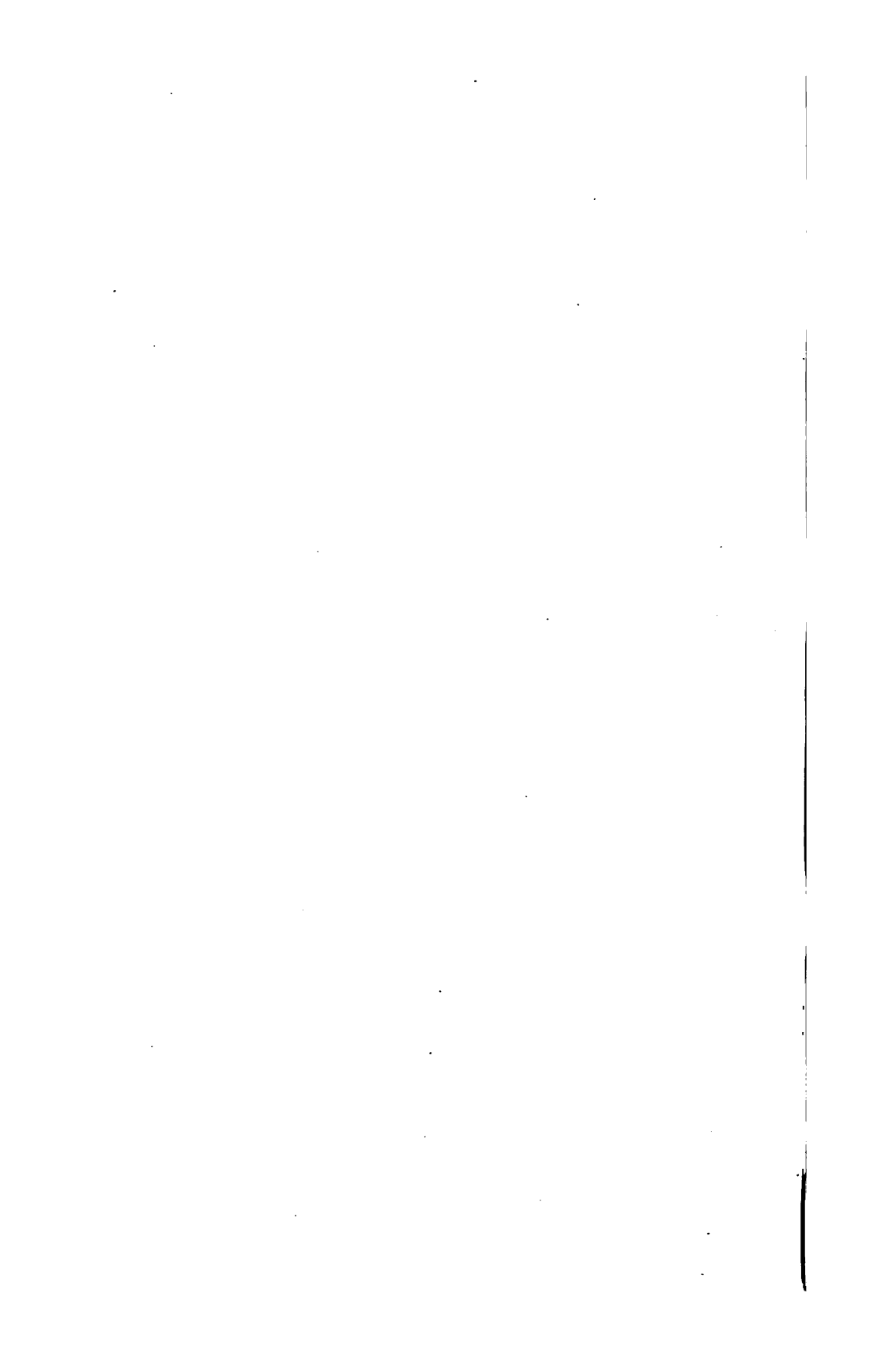
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THE
BETRAYAL.



T H E
B E T R A Y A L,

A SACRED POEM,
IN FIVE BOOKS.

BY
THE REV. S. BELLAMY.

*κέρδη παραινεῖς ἕι τι κέρδος ἐν κακοῖς
βράχιστα γὰρ κράτιστα τὰν ποσὶν κακὰ.*

SOPH.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HAMILTON, ADAMS AND CO.
PATERNOSTER ROW.

1838.

581.



BACKHOUSE, PRINTER, WELLS.

PREFACE.

THE subject of the following Poem occupies a dark page in the Gospel history: a page as brief as it is gloomy. The defection of Judas Iscariot from his Master, and his venal treachery, are a connecting link in the series of events by which the predeterminate counsel of God is fulfilled in the great moral sacrifice of the Redeemer: and, in perfect keeping with the style of inspired narrative, they are recorded—and no more.

The betrayal of Jesus Christ by one of the twelve, and even by such an one, has much in it

of the mystery of iniquity. The character of the traitorous elect is but hastily touched by the hand of sacred record. His sordid rapaciousness of heart obtains one epithet—as infamous as it was applicable—characterizing in its true severity the selfish follower, but not the bloodthirsty apostate. More than incidentally, and unaggravated by an alliance with other motives, is the covetous passion, as consisting in dishonest selfishness, alone equal to the crime of Judas? And, if in its utmost exaggeration it be solely competent to his crime, does it then comport with his retributive remorse? The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked. Who can know it? To Him before whom all things are naked and open, and from whom no secrets are hid—to Him who alone searcheth the heart—is this dark passage in the history of its workings known: but to us—more than a sad picture in this chamber of imagery—what is it than a problem in the analysis of man!

Among other assumptions, to which the want of detail in the evangelical account leaves an undertaking like the present, appears that of some immediate instigation to the crime by which the subject is designated. Revenge, originating in offence, and kindled into passion by Satanic agency, is the one this fiction has employed. That such is not an unnatural or unlikely one is, perhaps, all that may be said for it.

For some sentiments and expressions of profane import it might be needful to apologize, were it not evident that, for the consistency of a theme of this kind, their introduction was inevitable.

The indulgence of sentiment, it is hoped, will chiefly show itself in the use and celebration of inspired doctrines—and as a fundamental and pre-eminent one, the Deity of Jesus Christ. For this the Author pleads no license : his apology is Truth.

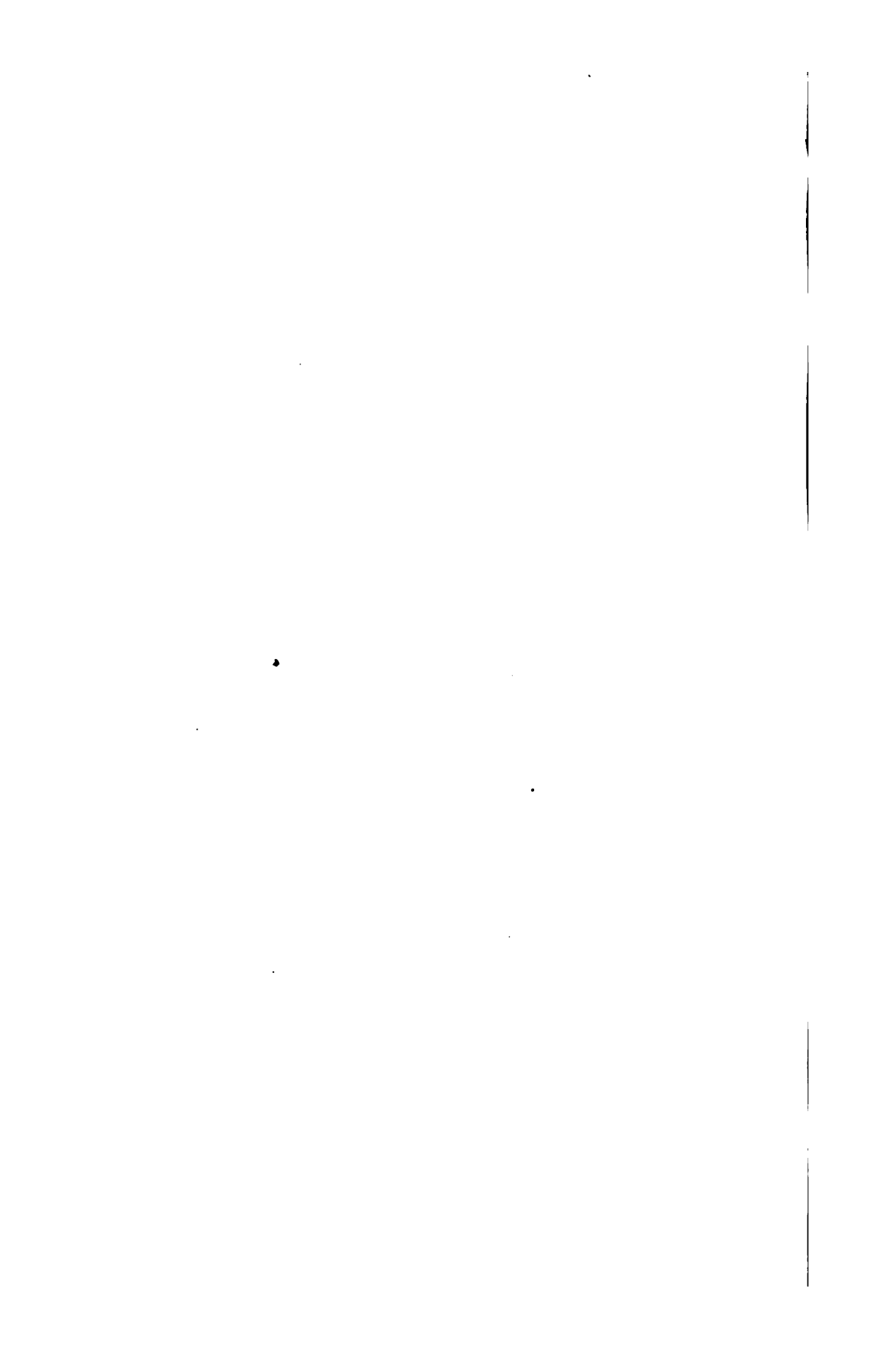
The Poem has few pretensions to merit, beyond this. May its defects not prejudice the dignity of its aim.

TEMPLE CLOUD, SOMERSET,

1838.

THE BETRAYAL.

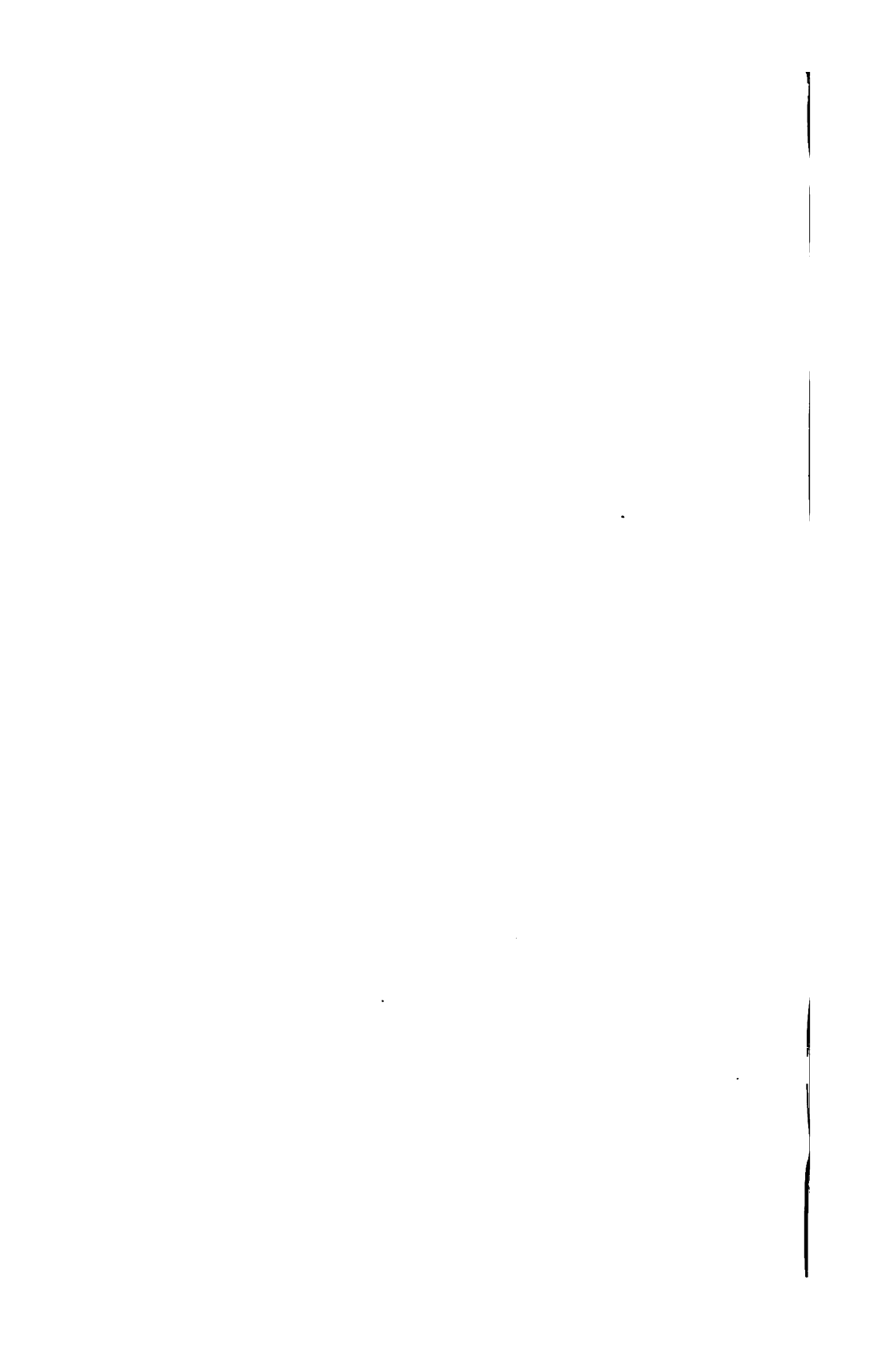
BOOK I.



BOOK I.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Truth—its attributes—and theme. Invocation.
Christ the Truth. Era. Messiah. Palestine.
The Wilderness—and Eden. Satan. The
Temptation—Agencies of Nature—Job—Christ's
sufferance of Satanic power—Illusion of the
World—of the Temple—Defeat.*



THE BETRAYAL.

BOOK I.

Great is Truth:
Of heavenly ministries, high and manifold,
The all pervading: guardian of the grace
That joins in holiness of Highest God
The throne and mercy seat—making the form
Of goodness awful: gifted infinite:
Eye of Eternity, and voice of Time:
Nearest omniscience made, angelical:
Whether, of old, in free and timeless being,
While yet upon creation's formless field,
To mark its goings forth, no shadow fell,
As fled the light of life—its record be:
Keeping the calm of silent innocence,
Amid the Sabbath of its first estate;

Breathing, to make immortal, piety,
As waited it with hush'd yet open wing
Upon the word of Deity's behest;
The numbers of melodious praise to fill,
As rose in song all heaven's harmonies;
Or of the first voice of a God in wrath,
Against the first transgressor in his fall,
The thunder to repeat. Whether, of these,
To revelation the loos'd seal disclose
The fair, the full, th' attun'd, the awful page;
Or, within Time, and of things temporal—
A scene of being in the life that now is,
An interval of immortality,
Since from Eternity the era sprang
Of this creation, when th' omnific Word
Call'd to His will th' obedient universe,
And from the throng of elements spake forth,
Of every kind, the instinct principle,
And into one, for a new star in glory,
Bound their sweet influence; while to its course

The then indictive voice its cycle set,
Leaving in angel hands this loan of life (*a*)
Till, in eternal issue, Time shall be no more :
—Albeit thus the way of Truth within
A lowlier scene be laid—a narrower sphere :—
Albeit this the ministering Spirit
The sanctuary of its presence make; for this
The vision rise, and wake the finite theme—
Still is it great !
O great, to tell, of heavenly argument,
What alone inspiration could engage,
Or revelation to this darken'd soul
Make possible of thought—the mind reveal'd
Of Him, Father of spirits, else unknown;
And still, as th' Urim on the breast sublime
Of heaven, all else intelligence above !

World of the fallen—whose idolatry,
Of godliness this mystery hath made,
Hear, and believe—what angels seek to know,

That God is Love ! It is the grace of Truth—
And had been all its glory, if, since man,
His rich redemption, all its object was,
Man might—O wonder—by such grace be won !
But he, ingrate, in faithlessness twice fallen—
Forsaking innocence—refusing grace—
His measure of iniquity hath fill'd,
And laid necessity on Truth. Great be it, then,
The mystery of evil, by the guilt
Of man to interpret, as of holiness
The beauty to proclaim; as well, to set
Its hand of record in the cloud, and write,
In lines of lightning, the Anathema ;
As, in the halo of the eastern star,
And with the angel sons of matin song,
For joy in heaven, and for peace on earth,
To shine and sing !

Sacred to verity !

Of judgments high—the righteous approof
Of whatsoever things, or just dispraise—

To hold with equal hand the balance here—
Actions to weigh ; and then in wisdom's words,
And faithfulness, to give them character :
If unto holy men of old assign'd
Such task might be—not in adventure vain,
Or in vain-glorious seeming, be it mine
The harp to hold, in what high minstrelsy,
Few are the called—none were worthy deem'd ;
Nor, else, unhopeful—to my purpose rais'd—
Truth—at thy bidding sped, and by my theme inspir'd !

With thee communing, spirit of my thought !
Thee in thy God-ward way emulating,
May I not learn of thee—the fellowship,
The goodly company of attributes
Duly to keep—where evermore they wait,
Still in their staid effulgence, at the shrine,
And breathing, at the oracle of God ?
It is an altar that shall sanctify :
A worship which is inspiration ;

And, as an unction from the Holy One,
For this mine offering—on me approv'd,
May Wisdom lift her countenance of light !

And Thou, to whom, of Wisdom and of Truth
The name is hallowed—whom in the years
Of ancient time, and in the goings forth,
Creative, of the Everlasting Word,
I see, believing—ever hast Thou had
On earth thine humble habitation,
And in the sons of men Thy dear delight.
Thee, Word incarnate ! in whose awful, high
And consecrated form the truth hath liv'd,
This erring world within ; and of its wrong—
The hate of ignorance, and error's pride,
Beneath the day-star darkling—
Hath the deep trial made—the deeper proof :
Whom, Thee compared with—whom Thee beside—
Or in the heaven whence the seraph wing
Of inspiration wafts itself—or earth,

The rife scene of the muse—may I invoke?
 Speak, for Thy servant heareth! Bid me rise,
 And I will follow Thee—the pilgrimage
 Of Thy great passion through; my guidance Thou—
 The Way, the Truth, the Life!

It was the time fulfill'd
 Of earliest foretelling—of all past
 In the world's history eventual:
 And, to their issues tending now, had ceas'd,
 Of priestly rite and herald prophecy,
 The sacrifice, the vision, and the voice:
 Now, caught of heav'n, had star-like set the eye
 Of time anointed and expectant eld, (*b*)
 Hailing the light of immortality:
 Seen had the Temple its Shekinah: heard,
 The wilderness, His way prepar'd; and forth,
 Forth in the greatness of baptismal strength,
 Unto one greater baptism address'd,

Zeal clad, and self sustain'd,
The hope of Israel—the world's avail,
Had newly gone. The while, what deeds unwont—
Meet emblems, they, of Him the Wonderful—
What forms of wisdom breathed into life,
By words unheard of human utterance—
What works of self confessed power divine,
Miraculous of mercy, witness'd Him—
Land of the Advent ! blessed was thy lot,
For that thou sawest ; for that thou didst hear,
Thou, Palestina, blest all lands above,
For they were done in thee !

Then witness, thou :

First, to the desert led—the first assay
Of chasten'd nature against sin to make,
Behold the Man ! Where, in wild shelter, held
His solitude its heart preparing eve,
For that great strife, and hearsal of the day.

Not exil'd thus from earth's then affluent home

Did Eden's lord his duteous trial take—
When all to him was an inheritance,
And, evil except, to enjoy was to obey.
He in his fulness fell. But, us to raise,
Fallen in him—where savage herds nigh haunt,
And eyries echo far the wild bird's cry,
Alone, and houseless, and an hungered,
The second Adam see.

Yet, not alone :

Nor for that thither did the Spirit lead
Him willing ; or that angels hover'd there,
His will awaiting : but that, on His way,
For oft incursion, hung the assailant host
Of evil spirits, leagued with ill intent,
Him, with all arts most subtle and malign,
Soliciting, if from His vow they might
His sense divert, or from His steadfastness,
With fierce resort, alarm if not allure.

Thus till the fortieth morn—the fortieth eve—

And the day once again renew'd, until;
And, meet for the arch Tempter's purpose now,
Th' arch Tempter's overture He thus attends.

Satan before Him stood. Not firstly then
That majesty before—nor so deform'd,
And darkly character'd—
But for rebellious pride and lust profane—
Fall of two natures this—he then had stood:
Of his own mien of misery this the cause—
This, too, of our decay; and the need, this,
Of His humiliation, whom at once
In envy, hatred, and revenge he tries.
And thus.

Art thou the Son of God—for well
Divinity the recreant spirit knew,
Hid though it were created form within;
And well his cognizance betray'd—Art thou,
As rumour is thou rank'st thyself, and as
Fame doth accredit thee, the Son of God?

There 's an indwelling grace of Deity,
Ev'n in the hiding of His power, not hid :
A holy feature, seen in every form,
In every mode of God made manifest,
Making His presence felt : and, sure, in thee
I do discover virtue's goodliness.
Yea, but that I do see thee suffering
A frailer nature's need, my good will were
To yield thee reverence : for not debas'd
The gods are deem'd, in lowliness disguis'd—
Th' immortal part all ends inferiour,
By its miraculous aid, all appetites
Sufficing—or occasion taking thence
Itself the more to illustrate, bringing forth
Strength out of weakness—out of barrenness
Speaking profusion. As, if able, thou
Shouldst, within this rude waste, the stones command,
And bread should be before thee. Which suppos'd,
More than the sign of ancient Horeb, once
Smit by the man of God—or Cherith brook,

Where the young ravens to the Prophet's need
Yielded their prey—it should advantage thee ;
By how much more thine act should sov'reign seem
Than Moses' was—more than a Prophet thou.

Thus, with fair speech and flattering intent,
In guile unfeigned the false spirit spake.
And, thus far suffering him, Messiah thus
Meekly replied.

It is not all of life
To have existence, and to hold to it
As dreading only death. The Almighty lives
Not in defiant deathlessness alone :
He is eternal to be All in All ;
And life most godlike is, when, not to live,
But to subordinate being to its end
Is being's aim. Wherefore the Scripture saith
Man shall not live by bread alone—but more
The word of God obey'd shall be his life.

It was a drear and mountainous remote,
As earth's last fugitive retreat it were—
Of sudden heights, and depths precipitous,
O'er-hanging rocks, and dark descending vales
Interminable: landscape there was none:
No wood—no stream—no verdure's various hue:
No plain that did not in obstruction break—
No distance that in darkness did not end.
And hoar hills there from out their quarries rose
In volum'd heaps of cold sterility,
Climbing the clouds—and, with dim vapoury wreaths,
Their unblest forms fantastically wrought,
Cleaving midway their inaccessible steeps
With dusky light, and darkening all below.

And hitherward, as half unwittingly—
Albeit with full intent, and in resolve
Of malice made more desperate by defeat,
The Tempter came: and following not far,
With patient steps and slow, the Son of God.

And where, hard by, in broad acclivity,
An old mount took its ponderous ascent
In heav'd and tortuous masses—throwing up
Into untravell'd space its giant way,
As, struggling into the abyss, it would
Hide from the sight of its own barrenness :
Here paus'd they briefly; nor discourse resum'd—
Or any might as yet—for, drawing nigh,
Strange sounds in upward air, and, from beneath,
Deep murmurs heard, with silence strangely blent,
And darkness that was not of night, and look'd
Unearthly—darkness looking into light—
And a portentous thrilling through that else
Death-stricken place—stirring its tongues of stone
To cries hysterical, gave awful sign
Of some great wreck of nature nigh at hand.

But not of nature came it. Know ye not
Jehovah's will, at one time to forego,
Anon to controvert, what, ignorant,

We nature call ? nor deems His honour less,
Sometimes conceding proud occasion
To the Enemy, of listing to his use
Her fiercest elements. Example take
Of that great patient, enviously elect (c)
Of Satan, wag'd God and His grace against.
How nature then, unweeting of her laws,
Did strange obeisance: when the false god call'd
Upon her tempest breath to suffrage him,
Straight yielding, oped to fire and pestilence
Her treasury of storm—God not forbidding.

Less might He now forbid ; the ancient strife
Foretold from Eden's primal judgment, come :
The serpent waging with the woman's seed—
And God to the issue given. Less might He bate
The oppressor's claim, by how much He had vow'd
Reprisal by the hand of the oppress ;
Less bate him vantage, by how much resolv'd
To lead the Lion captive of the Lamb.

He not forbade : or Satan aught decline
Of all permitted him. For, once repell'd,
Though suffering loss therein, more fiercely urg'd
His second aim will be. And fiercely, thus,
Burn'd for new onset the foil'd enemy.
And summoning, by secret signal given,
From earth, and air, and their more proper hell,
All wreakful influences—soon outspread
The winged tempest was; and soaringly
Stood upward : while its unfurl'd pinions wrung,
That dropt the darkness down : and the cleft sky
Shot from its bow of blackness, meteor like,
Its javelins of flame : and, terribly,
As when two hosts in fierce attraction join,
And the strong sympathy of hate, their deadly coil—
Whelms in one voice their mutual discord then
The cloven tongue of war : so the disturb'd
And wrath disparted clouds, rencountering,
Flung from their vehement embrace the loud
And long link'd thunder—that the firmament

Measur'd its height, and depth, and length, and breadth,
In one wide eddying wail. Incontinent,
The pent blast sprung its fourfold reservoir,
And wreck'd the waste unto its ravening.
Wildly at one were all things—and of all,
Anon, one uplift, havoc-wielding hand
Possess'd itself—leaving one only form—
Chaos—one sense—the blind, bewildered sense
Of one drear, undistinguishable world.

It was his hour. The Son of Man, absorb'd
As in material night, insensate stood.
And on Him yearning then with evil eye,
Grew out the demon to his giant height ;
And, hovering on his prey, environ'd Him
The whirlwind's hold within : then instant rapt,
In violent upward flight, and through th' intense
And labouring rack—till on the heaven-most peak
That warp'd the winds unto its mountain brow,
Staying their cloud career—he made to alight

Him nought resisting.

Nought need he resist

Who, suffering, learns obedience, and obeys
To overcome. So, though a Son He were,
Submitted He through suffering to learn ;
And by it was made perfect: us thereby
To ransom ; and, before His Father's face
Made perfect, with exceeding joy present.

Few moments hereunto sufficed : as few
The breathing interval ensuing it ;
And, lo, another change ! In vision now
As though the night did wake. Another scene
Was hastening into view. In silent stealth,
And forms of fast and far-retreating shade,
The storm was waning ; and its last frown fell
From the horizon's brow. Another world
Arose, of rich, deep-featur'd, manifold life,
That did usurp and to itself subdue
The dearth place, and redeem whate'er, accurst,

Was wont to wither there. They beheld now,
In sudden group assembling, the diffus'd
Of nature's free plenitude—all the ends
Of the earth's different domain: the home
Of rural ease, with upland pastoral,
And plain of many-hued fertility
Adorn'd: the expanse of prospect in its pride,
That stood outstretch'd, encountering the sun
The live-long day: with forest foliage
That crowned the high places of his path,
And did a sort of shadowy homage pay:
With watery ways that travell'd in his light,
And held along their tide course oceanward
Unto his setting: and the long relief
Of hills that took his latest tints, and seem'd
The threshold of his home—the home that was
By that illusion made—the boundary
Of countries held in crowded perspective—
The neighbourhood of nations, from the swarm
Of feudal tribes, to the obsequious state

Of empire in its regal seat sublime,
And kingdom'd character. The universe,
Which in that field of vision had its world,
Was in its several aspect, through all
Its rivalry of greatness, and through all
The envious comparison of name,
Self usher'd into sight.

Inly aggrate,
That to such end his spell'd appliance wrought,
In his own miracle exulting, stood
The dark Enchanter: and with pondering eye
That weigh'd upon its glance what thought soe'er
Might be another's—on Messiah fix'd,
Bade Him behold.

What thou art, Son of man,
Or of the Highest—since nor that wilt own,
Or unto this of credence aught bespeak,
By sign or argument—lift up thine eyes
To me: in all this living fabric fair
Mine hand beholding: its resources whole

Of me the endowment—its allegiance mine.
The common toil ; the consentaneous strife
That stirs the multitude, where yonder sites
Of marted cities lie: Aceldama—
Yon field of blood—see where its legions hang
In high embankment by that carnage stream,
As they did wait the water's health—what time
The angel wave his branch of bitterness,
And trouble it to virtue. Ev'n these Fanes,
That give again in gilded light to Jove
The universal sun—that make or mar
Men's worship—be it doing god-service
Or superstition deem'd. How many are they?
Thou may'st not number them from me. Messiah!
If thou art he—at whose hand thinkest thou
Or to inherit or redeem this world?
It is another's! and if aught of right
Thou bringest to the claim—know briefly this,
That Satan doth defy thee! Yet, attend:
And thou shalt deem me not impertinent

To thy desires, or aught impeding them.
What in possession I have power to hold,
Bethink thee, I may have the will to make
Available to whom occasion may
Not find above the asking. If thou wilt,
Take home to thine adventure the surmise
Of this, not yet in thy behalf refus'd:
Or while with no disfavour of th' attempt
Mine eye is fill'd—see what mine hand hath in it;
And on the instant ask. Heir of the world—
Bow down to me. Unto thine honour kneel:
And rise—the realm of all thou seest thine!

Is there, who suffering anger, sinneth not?
The love supreme of holiness is his,
And a most godly jealousy. And such,
Saviour of men, was thine in that day, when,
The integrity of worship, and the right
Inalienable of Deity assail'd,
Thou didst, offended, vindicate them, mov'd

Unto resentment of th' insinuate wrong.

May admiration hear thy words—nor fail
Thy total praise, them venturing to repeat!

O rightly named Satan—written ill—
The adversary, thou, of God and man!
Not thy default unknowing—of the deed
Of untold service to Jehovah due:
Or of the rod presumptuously of thee
Rais'd o'er the lot of His inheritance;
Or unadvised, or unmindful, think
That to the blasphemy of these ostents
I have mine ear entrusted. Reprobate,
E'vn to the advertisement and outward sign
Of ignominy—to give place to thee,
What is it but to taint the instant sense
With knowledge of evil? Wherefore, get thee hence!
As I did fear thee not, I nothing shunn'd,
Or sought thy lying wait. But as I do

Abhor thee, impious—in th' affronted name—
 Is it not written?—of that first command,
 Thou shalt not worship save the Lord thy God—
 I do abjure thee: twice rejected, hence!

So spake aninjur'd: so, displeas'd, spake
 Whom sin could anger, but who could not sin.
 And, how unlike is the severity
 Of virtue's ire to passion's violence,
 Sin stirr'd and stirring in its godless drift!
 Such was the rage of fell demoniac wrath
 That inly burn'd, though half suppress'd, through fear,
 And some long-lost, returning sense of shame—
 Too late returning—that lost one within,
 Apollyon, thus discomfited, rebuk'd,
 And desperate of reply.

I know thee not—

The fiend at length—as reckless what—exclaim'd—
 Nor deem the fault mine, whosoe'er the loss,
 Of this same ignorance: till thou shalt deign

The satisfaction, whom, taking to parole,
I too much honour: or, belike, his will
Taken to judge between us, not enough.
Say, Son of mystery! what wilt thou—faith,
Or its refusal, to thy meed? If one,
How oft requirest thou of them that give
To sue th' occasion? Stinted, too, of this,
How shall credulity enforce itself
To blind abeyance of its unbelief?
But if such guerdon like thee—it is thine.
How easy earn'd is ignoble content!

Content is easy—and content is wise—
Where nought is look'd for, and where nought is lost,
The Saviour said. And the most suffrage-poor
Will deem himself not all dishonoured,
Or lost to fame—lacking apostate breath.
Yea, it doth nought discredit royalty
To be the rebel's hate. For thee, outcast!
Be it enough that I nor aught account

Of thy belief, or fear thee, infidel.

Wilt look unto thyself?—

Then, with rude taunt,
And feigned triumph, that did indicate
Some new resort of th' enemy, and came
As from new quarter—Satan cried aloud.
For, at the utterance of Holy Writ,
Wherewith but now his twice defeat was made,
Fail'd had his spell, nor longer might command
The vision it had raised thus in vain.
And, this dissolving, busily had he wrought,
Disputing meantime, with enchantment new,
Another feint to make—let hitherto,
One trial yet to add.

And, what seem'd now
The precincts of the Sacred City lay
That mountain round—mountain that was no more—
But the huge Temple's height: and that tall cliff
As 'twere an outmost battlement. Below,

And at a flight remov'd, hung the perch'd sprite
With balanc'd pinion—upward beckoning
Where now Messiah, like some statue, stood—
Time's latest left on its lone pedestal.

Wilt look unto thyself ? since not to me
Or eye, or ear wilt deign for honour's sake.
Haply to safety, in the imminent hour,
Self-will may ev'n incline. Lo, where thou stands't,
Jerusalem low at thy feet looks up,
And hails her citadel ! The holy tribes
From all evil do hereby bless themselves.
Thy sanctuary too ! Most fearfully
Art thou at refuge there ! O spectacle
To gods and men—what eyes are on thee now !
And to what persecution standeth pledg'd,
In its inflam'd desire, this common gaze,
Till with a sign thou slake it ! Nevertheless,
All its extravagance thou shalt outbrave,
No more the niggard of thy power being

Than this—to save thyself !

Hark—from below,

Where worship wakes, the solemn litany
Hath rais'd its murmur: and the choral chant
Is piercing with high harmony this vault.
Now louder—now its words are in mine ear—
For angels in their hands shall bear thee up,
Lest thou shouldst dash thy foot against a stone !
Art thou Messiah? By these gifted words
I do conjure thee, shew thyself !

Methinks

But now I saw angelic forms flit by,
Hard where thou standest. Wait they, too, in vain?
Thou art not he—I do deny thee! Else,
What are these tokens that thou answerest not?
For they shall judge. Now by the Scriptur'd sign
And warranty of this great Providence,
Unto the faithful given—whoso hath faith—
I do but hold thee counterfeit, until
In thee, and thy behalf, it be made good.

Hast thou an ear? It is requir'd of thee!
Cast thyself down, Son of th' Almighty One—
If such thou deem thyself: for He hath said
Angels shall be thy footstool in thy fall!

I know what He hath said—Messiah, then,
Looking unmoved majesty, replied:
And what thou sayest—His offence, and mine.
Hear now what answer, Sin, in me thou hast—
To thy confusion, hear!

He, too, hath said,
Whom in forsaking thou hast ceas'd to know:
Whose just displeasure, this abandonment
Doth terribly bespeak: thy hate of whom
This desperation. He hath said, whose word
Is to obedience a law of life—
To disobedience, Satan—what thou art!
Hear it—

Thou shalt not tempt the Lord thy God.
Now, to where judgment waits thee—get thee hence!

He spake—as further sufferance denying:
He said—and further strife was at an end.
And the thrice-routed foe, to swift retreat—
Stricken with threefold wrath—forthwith betook.

As when some foeman—in the fierce sea fight —
Some lawless traverser of ocean,
Being o'ertaken of some royal bark,
Raises false signal, and the free salute
Of mariners civil returns—the while,
Seeking with treacherous bout, occasion fair
Of foul play—overreach'd in the attempt,
And well nigh captur'd—madly striking sail,
Headlong, and under colours, disappears—

So the proud Fiend, thus worsted in his wiles—
Nor yet surrendering—reckless in defeat—
Down rushing, after him this pageant whole
Impetuously drew: nor City, there,
Or Temple more might be imagined—

Nought but the desert, wild as it was wont,
At eve Messiah saw—

He was alone.

END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

NOTES TO BOOK I.

(a)

“Leaving in angel hands this loan of life”

The strict accuracy of this sentiment is not contended for; and the Author would readily expunge the words if he thought them likely to mislead any one upon the question of God’s sole government of the world. Nothing more than the ministry of angels is intended—a doctrine upon which the Scriptural reader will need neither argument or information.

(b)

“Of time anointed and expectant eld—”

“And, behold, there was a man in Jerusalem, whose name was Simeon; and the same man was just and devout, waiting for the consolation of Israel: And the Holy Ghost was upon him. And it was revealed unto him by the Holy Ghost, that he should not see death, before he had seen the

Lord's Christ. And he came by the Spirit into the Temple: and when the parents brought in the child Jesus, to do for him after the custom of the law, then took he him up in his arms, and blessed God, and said, Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word; for mine eyes have seen thy salvation."

Luke, Cap. 11, 25—30v.

(c)

"Of that great patient, enviously elect—

"Now there was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them. And the Lord said unto Satan, whence comest thou? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, from going to and fro in the earth, and from walking up and down in it. And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? Then Satan answered the Lord, and said, Doth Job fear God for nought? Hast thou not made an hedge about him, and about his house, and about all that he hath on every side?

D

Thou hast blessed the work of his hands, and his substance is increased in the land :

But put forth thine hand now, and touch all that he hath, and he will curse thee to thy face.

And the Lord said unto Satan, Behold, all that he hath is in thy power ; only upon himself put not forth thine hand.

* * * * *

And there came a messenger unto Job, and said * *

* * the fire of God is fallen from heaven, and hath burnt up the sheep and the servants, and consumed them ;

* * * And behold there came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead ; and I only am escaped alone to tell thee."

Job, Cap. 1.—6 to end,

THE BETRAYAL.

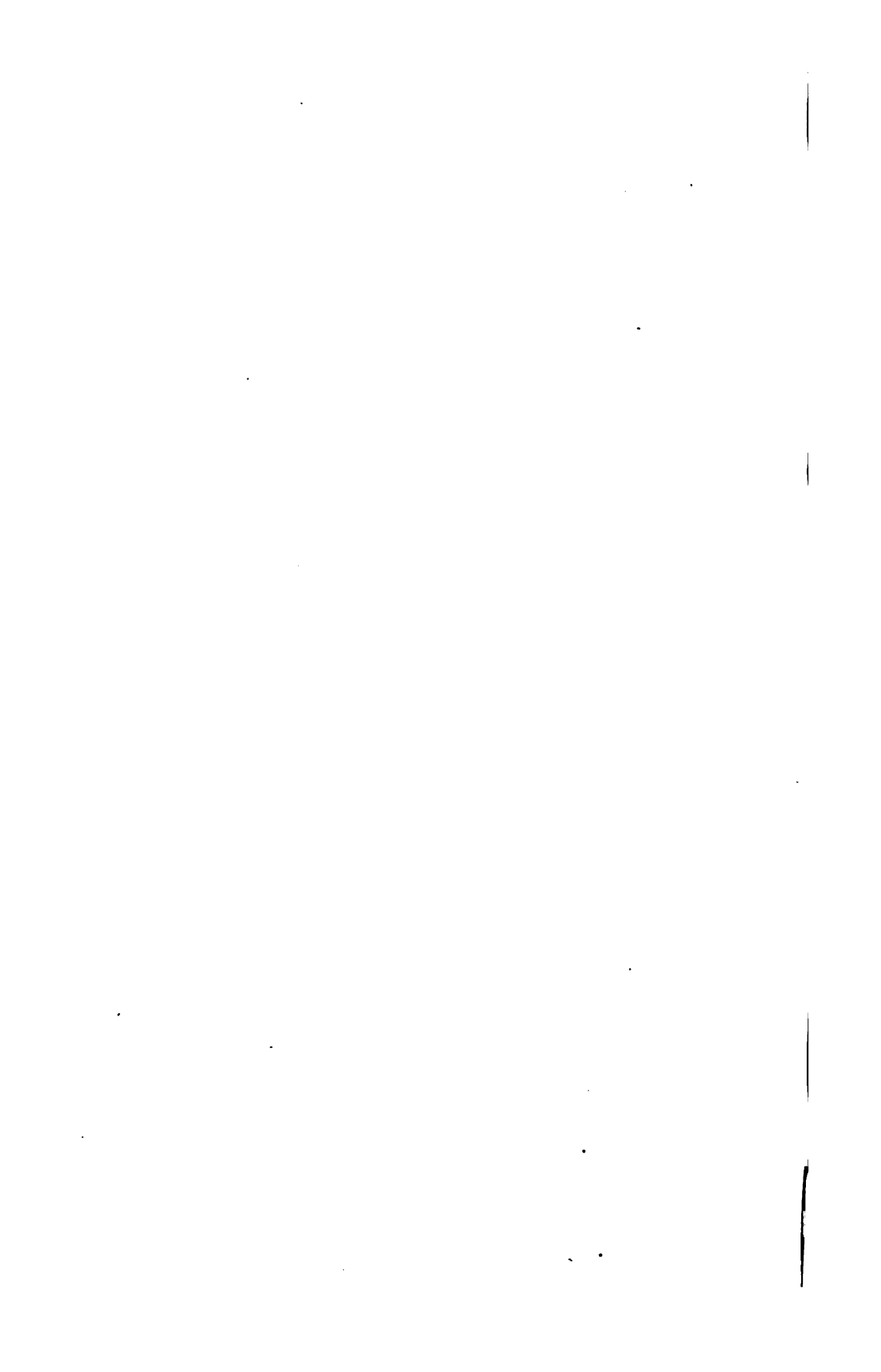
BOOK II.



BOOK II.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Solitude. Ministry of Angels. John the Baptist.
Christ at Nazareth. Call of the Disciples. Sea
of Galilee—Simon Peter. The Transfiguration.
Miracles—Nain—the tombs of Gadara—Who
touched me ?—the much forgiven—the lepers—
the desert feast—Bethany.*



THE BETRAYAL.

BOOK II.

O happily alone—who, in repulse
Of evil presence, instance doth to ill
Disarm, and maketh solitude a joy !
O joy too much of heaven for earth alone,
Religion's self gratulatory hour,
From the hard-fought day of temptation won !
Witness'd it is—nor unshar'd—from above :
By the example of that time endow'd
Unto all ages—when the fellowship,
Saviour, of thy great triumph, Angels sought—
Thy perfect victory. Where, late, they left
In evil escort—now, well pleas'd, beheld
Thee sole returning; and in such acclaim
As angels to thy wonted honour use—

In words albeit that goodlier were, yet such
As this intent did own—Thee greeted.

Hail,

Lord of superior life! by whom confess'd
Though briefly now Thou lowlier art than they:
Not for thy greatness, willingly foregone,
And glory's self divesture, to this use
Benign, of nature all unworthy Thee,
Created, fallen—may we deem Thee less:
Lord of this nature too—by sovereignty
Of all—of man's by this election seen;
By this assumption own'd; and by this trial
How well asserted! Hail, Emmanuel!
Son of the Highest! The deliverer
Of earth, its low estate. Now hast Thou brought
The wonder oft rehears'd, on earth, to pass—
That erst in heaven was sung. Seed of the woman!
Lo at thy foot already is abas'd
The Serpent's head. Abas'd how mightily!
More lost, more spoil'd, more doom'd in this defeat

Unto thrall'd impotence, than when o'erthrown
In first rebellion, vengeance-scath'd he fled
The arm'd sabaoth whom Thou leddest then
In the Elysian field—more conqueror Thou.
Greet Thee, well pleas'd, Paternal Majesty.
Greet Thee Cherubic and Seraphic praise.
Angelic numbers, many as their hosts,
As their allegiance one, do greet Thee. Saints,
In the priesthood of song perpetual,
Thy name renew: name, as on high it is,
So, soon, on earth to be—all hallowed.
Amen, for Thou art worthy! Hail! Amen!

Spake thus, saluting Him, that host, and ceas'd.
But not with them, ceasing, the melody
Their words had made. For sound of music still,
Charming the dull ear of the desert, hung
Upon its silence: and in sometime breath,
As of new waken'd voice, seem'd there to rise,
And die again: or into echo far

Go and return: anon, would stilly pour,
In cadent tone, upon the distance dying,
Sweet unities—such as from quired tongues
Will break, and come, and fall faintly away—
As the soul greeted were of memory—
Or thoughts were wafted from another world.
Meanwhile, through weariness, of toil and want
Nigh overcome, Who our infirmities
Himself did take, Messiah, fain thus far
The Scripture to fulfil—after repast
Partaken—Angels ministering to Him,
Had yielded to repose. And night to rest
Had yielded. And the soft and silent time
Of Life's hush'd interval had ta'en its course,
In kindly wont of nature—where their watch,
Duly dispos'd, that holy cohort kept,
Rang'd like a tent their glorious Chieftain round,
With winged canopy thrown upward, by
Their mutual pinions made. Thus till, anew,
The early zephyr from the Orient breath'd,

And rent the curtain'd sky, a thousand-fold,
To the ascendant—in the belt of day
First constellation—in the galaxy
That glows upon the firmament of morn
First numbered—the euphrasy of dawn.
And ere, upon Judea's plain, was seen
The shepherd to the day-star strike his tent,
Uprisen, toward the outskirt of that place
Him led they : nor his steps declin'd, till rose,
Sheen on their path, the eye unto whose light
All other eyes awake : and gaining, now,
Nigh on the haunts of men, there linger'd they :
And them, for other scenes, Messiah left.

And where fulfilling was his course, erewhile,
The Priest of Jordan's sacramental wave,
The Seer evangelist, with burthen'd cry
Unto repentance, and th' baptismal sign,
Preaching His kingdom come, and nigh at hand
The mightier than he—thitherward bent

The Holy One his way—where many now
That seem'd, as 'twere, in congregated grief
To make a solitude, were wandering.
For even until then might not the Truth, (a)
Or of the world's offence, be innocent,
Or of its arm. And whom Messiah saw
Advancing, in that multitude, He saw
As sheep without a shepherd. Then arose
Compassion to His lips; and from that time
Began His words of mercy: and began
His marvellous work.

From Cana's village home,
Whose festal board did His first bounty taste,
Far as Jerusalem, whose Paschal shrine
Did suffer His rebuke. In Galilee
Of nations, in its mountain blessedness,
And midst the cities of its lower plain,
Rich in the dear reproach of Nazareth,
And Nazareth rich in a heritage
Even of itself unknown.

Here, as return'd
Upon His votive way, the Pilgrim, once—
It was the Sabbath time—the hour of prayer,
By Israel's gathering, had been proclaim'd ;
And He had mingled in the worship, where
None deem'd Him strange—yet many pondered—
And all took note of Him. And there was given
The volume of the Book. And where, of old,
Isaiah had with the anointed name
Embalm'd his prophecy, opening, He read—
The Spirit of the Lord God is upon me :
Because He hath anointed me to preach
The Gospel to the poor. He hath sent me
The broken hearted to bind up : to give
Deliverance unto the captive—sight
Unto the blind : the acceptable year
Of the Most High to publish.
He read. And as enquiry from all eyes
Broke forth upon Him, bade He them believe
That Scripture, in Him, from that day fulfill'd.

Then was fulfill'd the elsewhere writ—He came
Into the world, and the world knew Him not
Unto His own—nor did they Him receive.
And, without honour, set at nought, outcast—
But to the judgment of that testimony
Them leaving—His estranged home He left.

Henceforth His home was where that goodness led
He went about to do: His brethren, they
That bread who brake with Him—the Father's will
To accomplish. And these, where Gennesareth
Layeth her lake sea at her cities' feet—
As from the precincts of her promis'd land,
Benighted else—a people saw afar
His advent light—these to His fellowship
Electing, in what high vocation call'd
Disciples are—to Godward sanctified—
Began He now to call. Who did arise
And follow Him—whithersoever—for

They had left all things, fearing not to find
All things in Him, for whom their loss is gain
Who of all else do cleanse their hearts, the more
To bless them in that gift unspeakable.

Thy woe, Chorazin—and, Bethsaida, thine—
Capernaum, thy star of glory's fall,
Was written now! What deeds, radiant of truth,
And wisdom's self revealings, virtue-wise,
Thy darkness comprehending not, thy doom,
Ev'n in its vial flame, did vindicate.

Who walketh now thy seaward ways? To whom
Lifest thou, Galilee, thy waves on high?
What God in presence do thy waters see,
That they are troubled? Who have held their peace
That in the hosanna should have named Him—
Ocean and air into harsh concert strain'd,
To word wild nature with a testimony?

The foot of Deity is on the deep!

And in the wind He walketh—

Voiceless things,

And things inanimate—not these in vain

Owneth their Maker: unto Him they live:

And silence to His praise is man's alone !

The foot of Deity is on the deep !

And in the night wind is He girded now ;

As would that Hidden One the mystery

Of His incarnate purpose shadow forth,

In emblem meet. Where, on the silent watch,

Their bark His few lone followers are keeping,

At His command. And proudly congregate

The swoll'n and crested billows, emulous,

From out their fill'd and oercharg'd urns, to embay

His footing: and on high lifting themselves,

Tread down each other: while the winged wind

Flies o'er the trenched flood: now sweeps the height:

And now within its downward fathoms low

Lies weltering—the eagle of the storm
Riding his quarry, the sea serpent, down!
They strive together. Not with Him they strive.
Though into thousand foaming fragments lash'd,
On every hand—His path is over them,
High, free, and onward—bearing and upborne,
In one abounding and unbroken wave!
They have a charge concerning Him. And now,
He nears the wondering and affrighted band
That seek His coming—but who hail it not—
Or hail it with a cry. Sight all too much
For human seeing—until the divine,
Above the vast, speaks in the miracle.
As it doth now—hark, for He speaks! Fear not,
He says—be of good comfort—it is I.

And lo, where one the spirit of that scene
Hath caught: and, in its spell of power strong,
The deed is daring! Bid me come, he cries—
If it be Thou. And he is bidden—come!

Jesus—omnipotence is in Thy name!
And not in vain hath frailty taken it.
Stands, too, upon the unyielding element
A mortal foot! No marvel that anew
The storm stirs up itself. Misgiving one—
Thou mayest not retreat! What—hath thy fear
Let loose the covenanted waters? Aye—
And the death spray is on thee! Criest thou?
It shall avail thee better than thy strength:
And they are many that shall look at thee
In this adventure, and behold themselves—
Victorious in the eye of trial—lost
Within its hand—then shrinking from success,
To take deliverance for victory.

The ark is gain'd: and with how goodly freight—
The Saviour and the saved—rides the deep!
The deep, that from its cloud encountering,
Delugeth down: its brawling cataracts
Bringing the hoarse wind with them—headlong, loud,

And desolating. O what tones of wreck
Are in that tempest shout! And where—where, now,
Hath that lorn sail her fearful shelter found,
Within the many-seeming gulf? Again
She scales the watery cliff—the sea bird! Aye—
And like a star, from out her ocean bed,
Comes up unquench'd! And, see—before her shrouds,
Calmly, some form advancing, as of One
Communing with the storm! Do the winds hear,
That they are fleeing from Him—and the sea,
That it lies down? O there's a power of peace
At war with this turmoil!—a stilly strength,
That into the fierce heart of action hath
Infus'd itself—bringing an instant hush
Upon the spirit of the troubled one.
Scene of the dispossest—how wonderously
The change hath wrought! One moment, all the forms
Of wild and wanton rapture are abroad:
Another, and the self of quietude
Is here. But now, the distract sense of things

Was drowning in the sea-struck firmament—
A word, and all is still!

It is the Passover. Judea keeps
The statute of her freedom's festival—
Her year's memorial rite, the exodus
Of her once captive sons remembering,
What time th' Avenger on his wing of wrath
Rose o'er the Egyptian, and in death droop hung
Upon the homes of the unsanctified—
Blasting the first-born of the oppressor's rod
In one dread night—redemption's ordinance
Demanding for that bloodstain'd house of thrall,
The thresholds he had past over in peace.
And whose that type of better things to come
It was, unto the world's too slow belief,
T' interpret, and in His self sacrifice
Fulfil—the girded loin—the readiness—
The staff of haste, and the prepared foot,

Not more, upon that primal sacrament,
Deliverance did bespeak—than, steadfast, now,
His face, that Zion-ward was set, approv'd
Him, through His more than martyr offering,
Seeking to save. The joy of His emprise,
It is before Him: and the suffering
He hath espous'd.

And Tabor's lone ascent

No solitude is now. That holy height
Is unto Him an altar: and the vow
Of the devoted One is breathing there.
Heaven to the hearing!—for no light of earth
Is this that looks upon Him—brightening
Into the hue of its own vividness,
As from His ray-lit brow it were, His form
And vesture: that not the anointed grace
Of the hierarch robe did so adorn
The wearer, when the Levite it array'd,
Likening charity—so heaven eyed,
And holy, this transfiguring: so full

The face of glory that is shining here !

And who, His orison, are these that make
By their ostent, the voice of vision—these
Of pathless presence, that with stainless foot
Stoop not the shoe's latchet to loose, albeit
On holy ground? Far visitants—ye both
Have walk'd another world! The holiest spot
Your ofttest tarrying should not impair
Of this. Yet, were ye once sojourners here—
Earth's children—for the grace of humankind
Is this, that, veil'd within that glory's glow,
Might otherwise be deem'd. Offspring ye are
Of the regeneration: and the Church
Of the first born in heavenly places, here,
In representment some new homage pays.
Zion's enthroned daughter hath come down,
Her King to hail in the hosanna: come
To call Him blessed: and, in this the strait
And travail of His soul, to signify

What Kingdom Him awaits—hangs on His cross
Her earnest coronal.

O, Lamb of God!

What life hath issue in thy death—what weight
Of glory rests upon Thy work of love!

Nor yet unknown, these, on what errand high
They quitted have the land of rest, to seek
This lower world. For, at Messiah's foot,
His rod, old Sinai's Law-giver hath laid.
And he, the Seer of Gilead, hath put off
His mantle. It is meet! Now hath the Law
A Priest unto its righteousness—and now
The Prophets are fulfill'd.—Jerusalem!
City of peace—alas! the name alone
Is thine, that knowest not, in this thy day,
The things that make for peace. Where is the shrine—
And, for a Lamb, thy Paschal offering,
What hast thou? Ev'n in thee shall there be found—
Templed, and taught, and rited as thou art,

An unknown altar to a God unknown !
Yet stays Jerusalem her solemn feast,
For Him; and He, his hour, that He may bring
To pass that mystery of lifegiving death,
The exodus He should accomplish there.

They talk with Him. Is it of this they speak ?
For this He hath his sojourn upon earth—
For what, save this, should they return to it ?

They ask the seal unto their testimony
That He may set. For, in the faith of Him,
They have a people form'd; and, like a flock
Led forth unto the fold, have gather'd them
Into the rest of all the ransomed,
In that great Shepherd's name. The Cross endur'd,
They rest for ever; and the peace, the joy,
The fellowship, the blessing, and the bliss,
And all the heaven of immortality
Is theirs. How more than theirs! When glorified,

The Son of man shall the First-born become
 Of many brethren—as the climed hues
 Of earth's zone-sever'd family, diverse—
 And as the far hosts of the firmament
 Aye stretched out, a starr'd infinity,
 For number—the creation's second birth,
 Yielding to God her myriad sons, the work
 Of the regeneration—till the rest,
 A second time, and violable no more,
 Of the great Sabbath day of Deity!

Theme of all thought!—

Hark—for not these alone

Take up the burthen! Winged words there are,
 Of a far utterance, and heavenly—
 That do the self of Deity bespeak
 Well pleased here.

All souls are mine. To me

Shall all flesh as unto a Father come.
 Yea, of my Spirit taught, shall men invoke

Me, Abba, Father! Yet in kindred claim,
 And fellowship of being, One alone
 Is filial. Whom ye thus honour, hear:
 For this is He—This my beloved Son!

They hear—to whom the word omnipotent
 No terror hath—in whose most sense of awe
 There is a feeling that hath less of fear
 Than adoration—and a rapture hence
 That with its angel wrestles—

It is good—

Mortals are saying—Master, to be here!
 —They are who say well, thus confessing Him—
 And let us tabernacles raise, to Thee,
 And these, whom thus to honour it hath seem'd
 Good in thy sight—

* * * * *
 * * * * *

The cloud hath gather'd on that holy hill—
 And Moses is not, or Elijah, there.
 Nor longer tarrieth, God-spced, and fain
 His course to finish, the world's Wayfarer.
 But, there is tarrying for Him. The plain
 That skirts, below, the pathway of that steep
 Is peopled to the foot; and, as the throng
 Of Zion's suppliant worshippers, intent,
 What time from out the holiest comes forth
 The bearer of their blessing—steadfastly
 One gaze receives Him from his place of prayer
 In light descending.

Thee, light of the world,

When, truth enfranchis'd, shall the world confess?
 When, from the thrall of night, shall utmost earth
 Unseal her eyelids at thy beam? O when
 Her generations, in Thine image born,
 Arise, and shine—children of light—of Thee?

And ask ye where His path of travel lies,

From that plain onward—where his place of rest ?
 Their earth-home foxes of the desert have :
 The fowls of air their nest: the Son of Man
 Hath not, and asks not, where to lay His head.
 Yet may ye follow Him where He hath been—
 And yet His tarrying find.

Ask at the gate

Of yonder City of Esdraelon—
 At Nain's gate. Ask of her sons, if one
 Be fatherless. Among her widows, ask,
 Her of that one bereav'd!

By the way side,

Where sightless misery once made its moan
 To every passer by—ask why their place
 No longer knows them ?

Whithersoever bent

Your steps—if there shall meet you, happily,
 Some strong man joying in his strength, who late
 Had staid his manhood on the staff of age :
 Or some new listener to the melodies

Wherewith all nature once had woo'd his ear,
 In vain. Or, be it some that loudest are
 Amid the sons of song. O learn of them!

Know ye the tombs of Gadara—and him
 Their lost to life, yet living, occupant—
 Reason's poor exile, and a demon's home—
 In maniac attire—manacles—
 Fetter'd, yet strangely free? Silence is now
 With them that sleep in that domain of death.
 Say, at whose feet, in peace and piety,
 The disenthral'd one sits?

Where, to her wail,
 The house of mourning bade her minstrel guests,
 Grief hath given place, and tears been wip'd away
 Unwontedly; and they that wept a morn
 Out of its gladness, with a joy as strange,
 Have blest a night from gloom.

Daughter of ill,
 Who tellest of thy bleeding years, say too,

Or by what costly offering thou didst win,
Woo'd ev'n to poverty, dear health; or, how
There came into thy borders One, of whom
Men said that mighty works were done in Him,
And that the poor He pitied. That His name
Did give assurance to thy hope lorn heart;
And that thou soughtest Him: trembling didst lay—
For it was all thou mightest—a meek hand—
O it was all thy need! upon His vest,
And didst take virtue thence!

And thou shalt say,
For well thou canst, woman of many sins,
Who didst invade the festal hour, to tell,
Low at His feet, in tears of contriteness,
How many: thine embrace betraying thee
How much forgiven—while example fair
Thou wast, of God-loving humility
Unto that house of pride.

Are ye but one,
To give God thanks, who for relief could raise

A tenfold cry?—and whose obliterate
Reproach shall hold, at the last reckoning,
Ten souls to their account?

Ask not for ten, where thousands are at hand!
Nor these sought out where coasts are for a home—
Ten cities' people. Trib'd Decapolis
Ye need not seek. But, where the wilderness
Is stretching, shadow like, its desert length
Behind that city's height—Bethsaida—
I see a multitude—One said—and they
As sheep that have no shepherd. Found they one
In Him? Or to the mockery of their need
Sat down their fifties at His feet, to see
The hand of blessing upon nought lift up,
In heaven's bounteous name? Say, first, from whom,
Amidst the many—as those morsels few
Were borne—the first unsated murmur rose?
Who last that sate, and the least honoured
Of guests that at that lowly table fed,

Said not, it is enough? Say, rather, who
That saw how wonderously the power wrought
In them that to that common appetite
Did minister—out of their poverty
Seeming as they did evermore create,
Until desire did fail—and telling then
A remnant greater than the feast—O who
So blindly saw, that he dissembled aught
Of all the wonder that such sight did wake?

Thine is a tale of wonder, Bethany!
And well were deem'd a lay of life and love.
Ill do they read, and idly, who, with vain,
Haply with less than vain invention, find
In all unmeaning things, the identities
Of storied eld. Lo, here the threshold, once,
Where dwelt the sainted Sisters—and lo, there
The Brother's tomb! Religion seeketh not,
At superstition's lamp of lore, the light

That Truth upon her own revealings fair
Deigns not to throw. O is it not enough
To know of thee, that, once the lov'd resort
Of One whose coming blest all home from ill
Was Bethany? Rememberest thou the day,
When there was paleness on thy daughters seen,
And silence was among thy sons?—the house
Of Lazarus was sad. Rememberest thou,
When from that house the death cry came?—and then
Women went forth to weep: men hid themselves—
Those in wild anguish—in mute wonder these.
Did not He love them, of whom all men said
That He could sicknesses disarm—and, more,
Could death's stronghold undo? And thus there came
Strange thoughts into the heart—such as men fear
To think, and dare not utter. The third day
Had set upon the sepulchre. And now,
Bereavement fain would turn away its eye
From death's cold fascination, and begin
Its tearful search for solace, in that world

Where the departed are—when tidings came
 Of Jesus and his followers at hand.
 How sprang affection to the foot—and faith
 Answer in instant vision the high thought
 Hope had so suddenly set up!

No more—

Martha had gain'd her Master's feet: and all
 That sorrow could, or hope dare say, was said:
 Lord, if thou hadst, still had our Brother been
 With us!—yea, even now—

And, here, such things

As faith alone in her strong reasoning,
 And tenets of the possible, conceives,
 Betray'd themselves. Did faith exceed herself
 In her aspiring—that the miracle
 Herself had challenged—when, out of prayer,
 It pass'd into full promise—to the ear
 Seemed a flattery?

Jesus, I know

That, in the resurrection, the same day

That wakes upon the world's rent sepulchres
Shall see my Brother rise!

He had not died—

And Mary spake, Master, hadst thou been here!
Nay, not again, went she, disconsolate,
With weeping to refresh, at the lone grave,
The root of bitterness. Yet, at the grave,
How soon again had those late mourners met!
And Jesus stood—amidst what multitude!
Yet how like one alone—as with the dead
He were in dark communion!

Jesus wept!

Then fell from innocence the firstling tear :
And, while affliction lives, the preciousness
Of that sweet offering at sorrow's shrine
Shall into grief instil a sanctity,
And make it safe to weep !

O Death—

Thine arm is strong—thy sceptre terrible!
Yet, at the doors of thine own prison house

Thou art defied ! The word that calls thee forth
Hath brought its bidding from on high. The hand
Raised of late, as it were suppliant,
Hath link'd itself in heaven's strong fellowship,
And is upon thee !

Lo, at His behest,
Already from the bonded sepulchre
The seal is torn ! And with the fourfold night
That now is shrouding that cold sleeper, strives
The sudden day beam. And the strained eye
May read, in livid lines, the truth, that tells
Of change, where life's vicissitudes are not.

Calm, in strong steadfastness, one look endures,
Encounters—and to all the stern decay
That sits upon the dead—the signature
And seal of the destroyer—is address'd !

Stay not his hand, thou woman weak ! nor say,
Unto the God that thou hast call'd upon—

Forbear! Hast thou an echo in thy heart
Awake?—Lend, if thou wilt, its welcome cry!
For on that listless-like, yet startled ear,
The word of the Omnipotent hath fallen—

Lazarus—come forth!

It is—It is!

The thrill—the writhing—the convulsive strife—
The burst of being, from its mortal thrall
Wrestling its way. Lo, in his agony,
He bares those filmed eye-balls—staringly,
As he did seek out his antagonist.
Whom hath he found—that, at the instant sight,
The eye hath fill'd itself? That the rais'd form
Is from its strong toils free? That at the feet—
Sisters of Bethany—ye know of whom,
Is Lazarus found!

O Grave—the victory
Is thine no more! Death—thou hast lost thy sting!

NOTE TO BOOK II.

(a)

“For even until then might not the Truth”

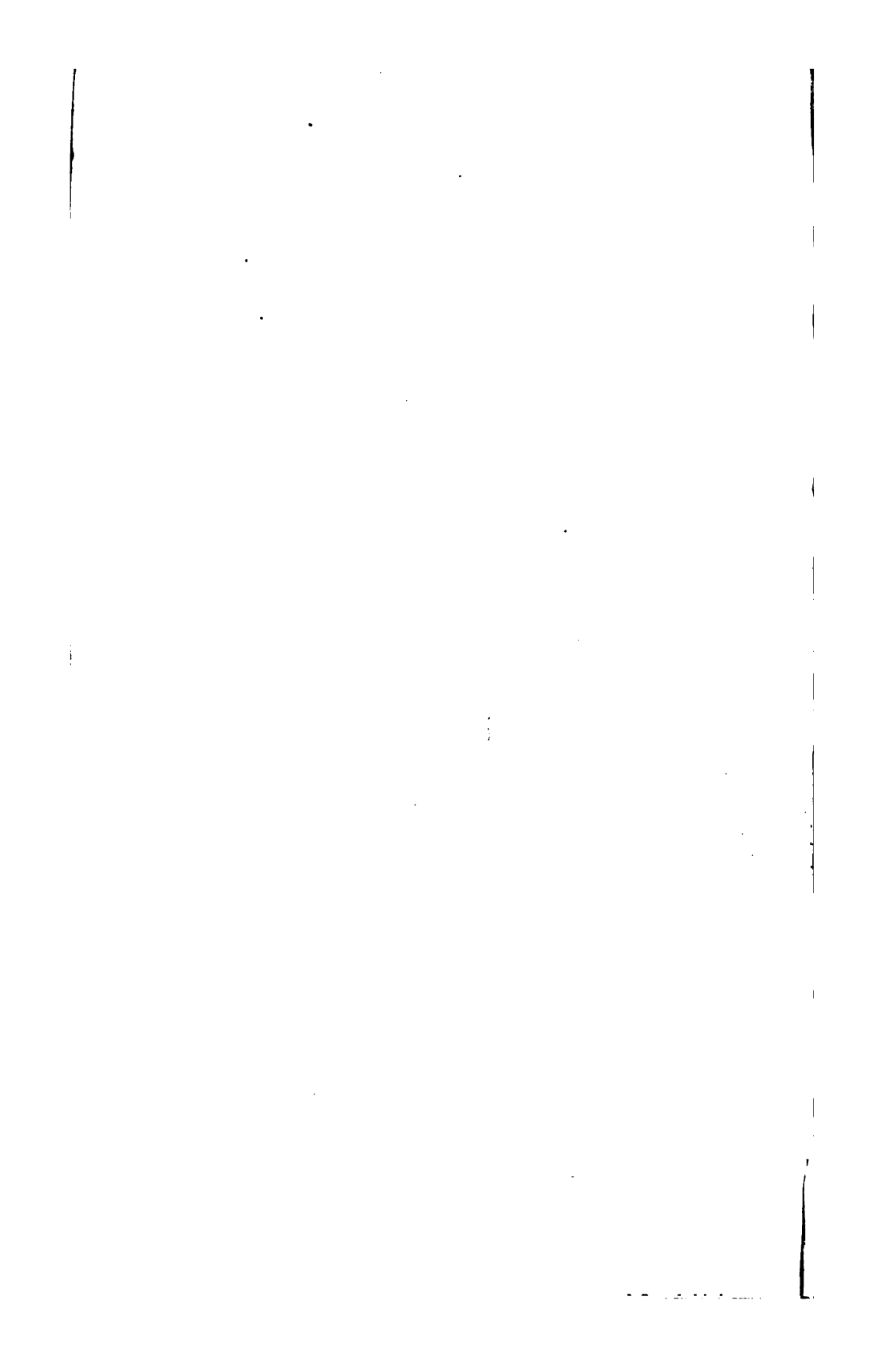
“For Herod had laid hold on John, and bound him, and put him in prison, for Herodias’ sake, his brother Philip’s wife.

For John said unto him, it is not lawful for thee to have her.”

Mat. Cap. xiv. 3 & 4.

THE BETRAYAL.

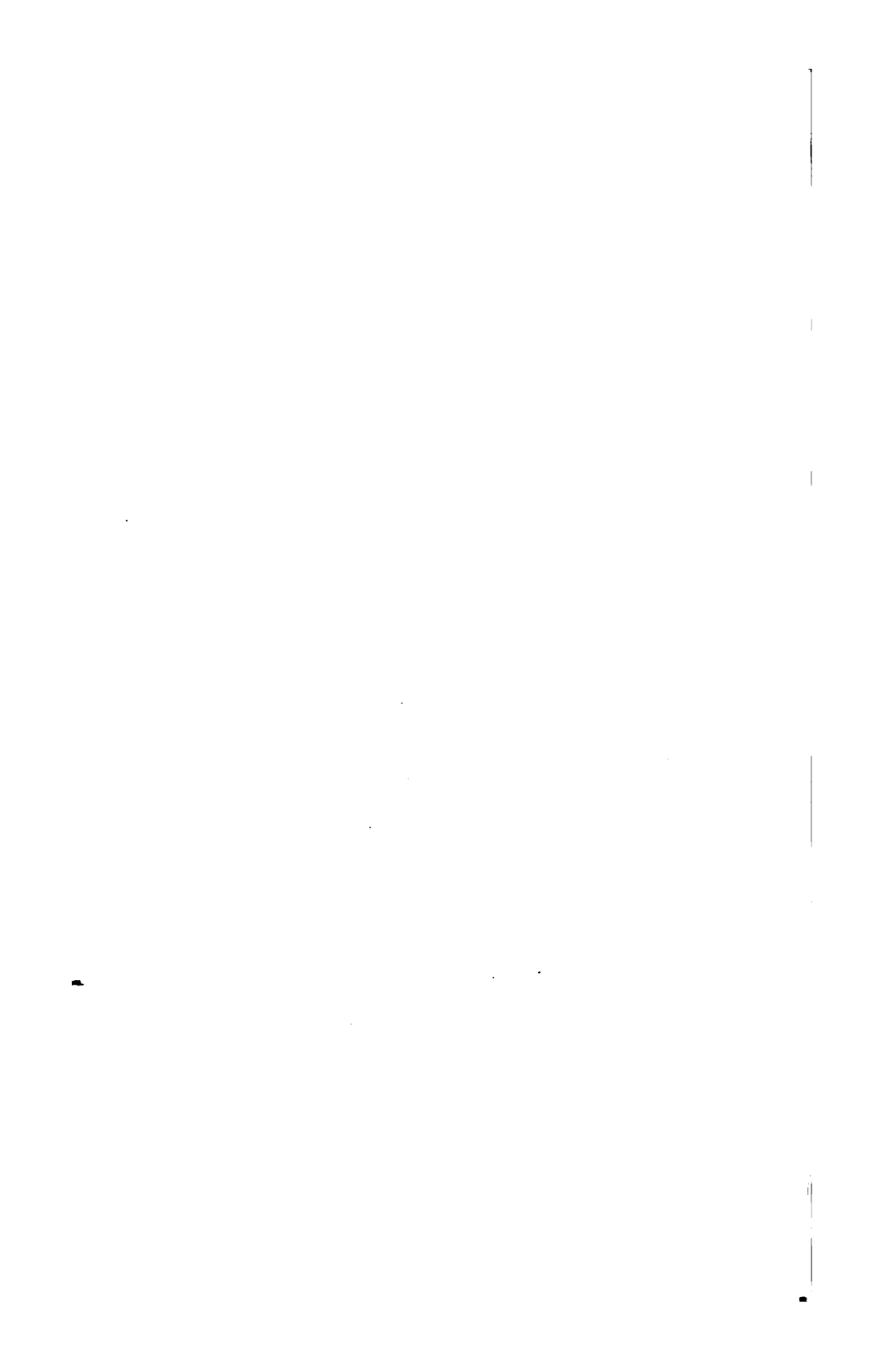
BOOK III.



BOOK III.

THE ARGUMENT.

Joy and Sorrow. The Prodigal Son. Feast at Bethany. The Anointing. Judas Iscariot. The offence. Mount Tabor. Soliloquy. Satan—and Judas. Revenge. The Sanhedrim.



THE BETRAYAL.

BOOK III.

Are there, who ignorantly deem, of joy,
That it is only sorrow's antidote :
A balm that ever breathes its fragrancy
Over the ills of life? Say not they err !
For he that, to the health of pleasure lost,
Hath made a passion and a lust of life,
Shall make that deeming good. The rather, say,
How more than that, of these alternities,
Is true. Not more the fourfold seasons blend,
And bind around the brow of the same world
Their annual wreath : the day and night not more—
The same sun high—or lights her mirror, this—
Or setting—kindles her pale fires afar
The other, on his track : they mingle not—

Those faint, and full—those dim, and deepening hues,
Within that heaven-writ amulet of peace
That hangs upon the bosom of the sky—
O nothing more are these a harmony,
Than, to this fallen world, are mutual
Its sorrow and its joy!

The brightest ray

That falls in gladness on the heart of life
Is mellow'd with a care. How blessedly
Comes a lost feeling to the spirit back!
There slumbers music in the silent strings
Of sadness oftentime, whose wakening
The very burthen is of minstrelsy.
A breathing and a gifted strain it is,
That whoso hears shall well account of ill,
And say, how while its scorching fingers swept,
Wantoning with its chords, the lyre along,
And left it tuneless and unstrung, they left
An unction there!

Nor yet in youth alone,

Doth the last ebbing wave—the lov'd—the lost—
Return the firstborn to his breast again,
Of all the tide that had forsaken him.
Nor woman is alone in her lament,
Or in her solace sole—not in her praise,
Albeit the brightest of the gems that deck
Her beauty, had the deepest, longest lain
Well'd in her tears. The soul of manhood, too,
Of Fathers—in their proud and rich love, rife—
In all that reft love, sear—when bowed down,
Smitten by more than mortal severance
From its chief joy—O more! for in the heart,
As in the earth, the grave will heal again—
But yearning coldly o'er some living loss—
A death that hath no burial—as the oak
Will bind its wither'd ones upon its arm,
And hold it up throughout the angry year,
In importunity's strong suppliance,
Till nature's self relent—Aye, even so—
There is a self possession in despair—

Endurance: and in its unburied ill,
Albeit of death's forgetfulness denied,
The soul is strong, in one immunity—
It is not death's decay! And hope there is
In chambers colder than the grave: And joy
In deeper places of the spirit hath
A well spring pure. Waters of bitterness—
Are ye not flowing at that fount full oft?
Yea—and when sparkles most the blessing cup
At the chaste lip of life—know—ye who seek
Nor lust's lewd draught, nor Lethe's deadly one,
That the same vine, the nightly dew hath wept,
And the sun woo'd unto his laughter love.
And, know ye, too, unto what living end
Of nature, in her life giving, it is—
That day hath beauty, and the night hath tears!

Why stands without, as he a stranger were,
The first born at his Father's gate? What means

The stir within, where late the quietude,
That more of silence than of peace partook,
Was like a sad heart slumbering? Whence came
The unbidden guest of gladness—and arose
The rude voice, there, of licens'd revelry?
It is not for thy duteous tribute paid,
Son of that sire, the feast is furnished.
For filial piety, an heritage,
In its own meed of parent blessing hath,
That not the banquet of Ambrosia
Could aught enrich. It is to mercy done,
That festal deed! A pilgrim, from afar,
In lowly weeds of meek contrition clad,
Here resteth him. Nor shalt thou rashly deem
That less of welcome had more worthily
Such self born heir of pious poverty
Upon his travel stay'd. Albeit less
Were all the boon that child of sin might sue,
Paternity's an hunger'd passion ill
Had brook'd the littleness—

I will arise—

That pilgrim in his votive hour had said,
And go unto my Father—

And the lost

To home's endearment in that purpose spake :
The dead to all its once familiar joy
In memory rose again. What, if that vow
Thy Father's yearn'd heart, all impatiently,
Hath quench'd in its embrace? It is enough
That calm contentment gratefully is calm—
Son thou art ever with me—But the praise
Kindles to sacrifice, that owns in song
A Son regain'd—a Brother born again !

He taketh pleasure in His work—the First
Of all creation's goodness, and the Last.
Nor yet in sole complacence—charity,
Ev'n as she seeketh not, is not her own.
And love was His in its most perfect bond

Who gave himself for all.

Is there a joy,

The soul to feed, whereof He breaketh not,

And blesseth it for a communion?

It was not for a joy in Bethany—

That grace of life giving—but He would seal

The blessing deed, deigning the bliss to share.

For gladness had invok'd His name, to keep

The feast of a thank-offering—and praise

Waited for Him. A scene of holy health

It was, and pleasure's chastity most pure.

His presence—the desire of all: and his,

Of all the wonder—the guest of the grave.

The Sisters, mutual in each other's love,

And one in his. One, too, of Him confess'd,

Their love's religion.

And thy service, then,

Vestal of care, its voluntary toil

To most sweet usance wrought.

Unto what praise,

Thou of the good part, thine? whose rich caress,
Precious beyond the costliness that shed
Its sweet wealth there, breath'd incense at His feet
Whom, in thy meek discipleship, thou would'st
Attend thus lowly. 'Twas a fragrant deed—
Of faith's oblation redolent—a sign
Prophetic—as thou didst anoint a life
From death's corruption. And thine Holy One,
Child of this mortal, hath for thee put on
His immortality. Weep not for Him,
When to that iron hand He boweth down:
Earth hath a place for Him so liking heaven—
The rust corrupts not there!

I said a scene

Of pleasure and of holy health it was.
Nor might ye only, of the savour sweet
That did enrich old Aaron's priestly robe,
And this communion, meetly make compare.
There is an odour here that every guest

Like a charm'd robe puts on—

What dost thou here—

Whom not such beauty may beseem ? from whose
 Unsanctity incense doth ev'n recoil,
 As shrinks a blessed thing from thing accurst ?
 Art thou th' offence that should come—for thy words
 Bewray thee of a fearful pertinence—
 Why of this ointment is this waste ?—

Know'st thou

The altar that doth sanctify that gift ?
 Strange is thy speech—or thou art alier :
 Or thou art not—Judas—or it is thine !

Ye follow me, He said, in wisdom once,
 Who all men knew—not for my miracles :
 And many at that saying stood rebuk'd.
 What of that man of Carioth ?—that he
 Was guiltless ? For, among the faithful, he—

Though lastly upon every tongue—was nam'd :
And few had deem'd well of his presence—none
Had sought his stay : but a foreboding all
Had inly made of him,—since first he came,
Like an unbidden one, and with them sate
As one whom not a welcome's warmth might move.
The stranger of a homeless heart he seem'd—
Whom not despair had driven forth, or hope
Persuaded—or necessity : the dread
It was not, of the evil ; or the good
As aught desiring : but an apathy
Of all, that did indifference exceed,
And was a passion : that of life would make,
Its peace profan'd, its sorrow set at nought,
A sacrilege. Not unto him might be
The fruit forbidden, though the twofold taste
Were halfly mortal. Nor an only aim,
Whether the praise of virtue, or of vice
The plea, was his : but evermore a strife,
As impiously assaying unto both

Contentious place. The singleness of truth
How had he, at the cost of error, scorn'd!
Nor yet that truth, for falsehood, all foregone.
The hate, was his, that shuns not. Wherefore shun—
Though hating all, if not self love allure?
Self love that moves, to many hatreds, all—
But which not envy in that one might move.
And to encounter all things, more he reck'd,
Than aught t'avoid—The proud discountenance
Of the world's godless many, for the faith
That number'd in its few of fellowship
None less than he: and, of that covenant
The Christed vow, as an unholy thing
Profaning, reprobate, against himself—
As Satan self cast out—divided. Yea
There were that had observance held of him,
That would of such self disaffection foul
Dark thoughts divulge. Nor without strange suspect
Had it been heard, that not of human-kind
Might all be deem'd, that had or place, or power,

Within his converse—over his career.
—What of that weariness—that would not rest ;
The oft desertion of repose—that sought
Night only for her darkness, and pursued
Unto her darkest haunt her deepest shade ?
What of that stealth, away, whither the foot
Of none might follow—whence return'd with him
No sign of solitude—and which, than aught,
Seem'd less of piety's retreat to him ?

They deemed well, that not to loneliness,
And less to God, or good, these hours were given.
And man shall vainly think the hour his own
He giveth not to God. Who gathereth not
Unto His praise is scattering abroad—
And there is one will reap. The most to dare
Of evil, is the least to do of good.
How soon the issue, he that dareth it
Shall scarce from others' doom have space to know :
Else might he learn, as in that fallen one

The warning reads.—By what irreverence
 He had not shunn'd, as things familiar,
 Upon an idle tongue, the names to take
 Of Christ and Belial: and how th' offence
 Lay like an imprecation on the soul,
 Blind as sin's bias, consequent as doom,
 And one, in the possession and the thrall
 Of an unblest integrity. Thenceforth—
 Divorc'd from this—unto that separate—
 There might not be, the good and ill between,
 A devious thought. Fell purpose was afoot,
 And stood toward its goal. The utter'd name
 Had rais'd the idol in his heart: nor fail'd
 The invok'd presence of his hour.

One eve—

And long ere Bethany's festal one, it was—
 The day, less sweet of counsel than was wont,
 Had tir'd of its discourse—for wearily
 Do words of strife hang on the ill sped hour—

And such, while briefly apart Messiah walk'd,
In chosen company—where late He left
Some tarrying, nigh to the holy mount—
Did envy in the hearts of these create:
And, who should be the greatest, mutually,
And in uncomely character, they strove.

Nor was it aught that of contention came
Might move to peace-making whom discord's self
So riv'd—that son of all inanity:
The rather on that difference wreak'd delight
Whose eye did concord ever ill affect:
And from the sweetest sign humility (a)
Might take, to bless itself from folly's pride—
The meek reproof that into childhood's lips
The Saviour pour'd—that man had turn'd away:
Aside from wisdom's lowly way had turn'd—
And whither an offended foot might lead.

It led him where in recollection yet

Of that invidious favour, of the few
That of the call'd were chosen, witnesses
Unto that mountain mystery, his thought
Had proudly linger'd. And, along the plain,
Where the night's first-falls from the wood height come,
That height hard by—he erred darkly forth.
Nor far, until upon the footsteps full
Of them that lately had ta'en thitherward
Their envied way, he came. And winding, thence,
The upward avenue—on either hand
Encroaching, that with gradual decoy
Led the ascent, and, drawing out the steep,
Did throw into far coil th' acclivity,
Wasting its height, until the wayfarer
It did of half its weariness beguile—
His foot arrested. And in slower mood
And difficult—some wayward sleeper like,
To some unquiet sense half wakening—
Breath'd the dark dreamer on : each step the while
An echo of his thought—the memory

That did possess him, of that place, until
Reality out of itself was wrought—
And less he seem'd that wild to traverse now,
Than with adventure, unforgotten thence,
Inly to deal. And thus, till tracklessly
Within far glades that did that summit shroud
The blind path lost itself: and a vague sense,
Bewilder'd, of his way, broke suddenly
To mind: and, of that solitude, the site
Soon gathering, with half recoil, as mov'd
To make retreat—as one at fault, he stood.

Save of the night air's winged whisper, nought
Stirr'd in the dark vacuity around:
And, as that gloom, silently, sullenly,
He had come on. But, thus encountering,
In local presence palpable, th' offence—
At once to words the jealousy awoke.

Nay—not alone—or to have stood Him by
 Had been to make unto his holier mood
 Such common way, that the outcast were all:
 And they that reck'd it—none! Even that sum
 Of beggary's entail, might one doited word
 Pass current of twelve several suffrages,
 And free opinion—payment being mine.
 The which conceiv'd, it cometh then to pass,
 The turtle dove, of meetest madrigal
 For maiden's ear, her silly note forgets
 For the hoarse raven's cry. Enough! He will'd
 He would not be—and He was not, alone.
 Cull me the chosen—though the election leave
 The called—I am nice of company!
 So spake the deed.—

Now, were it not a thought
 Damn'd in th' indulgence, I could marvel make
 What blushing ghost was this, that a few eyes
 Had frighted as with day's discomfiture:
 What air-link'd vision, that a little breath

Had been so dissolute to wanton with
To its undoing. By our Mother Eve—
Her appetite, and her bequeathed lust—
Could I, commanding sense and utterance,
Make tell-tale these retreats—again should grow,
Ripe as the curse, temptation on the tree,
And I would pluck it!

Aye, thou bird of night!

Could'st thou but hoot the secret in mine ear,
I'd call this hedge of thorns a paradise,
To name thee after it. Out—welkin imp—
Thou mockest me. The Devil give thee heed!
Haply he'll better care thy queruling
Than He I follow mine.—

O losel thought,
That runn'st to blasphemy—my soul is dregg'd
With hell while I give place to thee. Avaunt!
Once more to think this were to throw the gate,
Already jarring on its mutinous hinge,
To the parl'd foe, and make the fiend I feel

My master self. No—I'll not think't again—
 Albeit with truth I wage the sullen war;
 And, with a coward magnanimity,
 Hold falsehood's vizer up.—To which perforce,
 This virtue cometh. And, again, perforce,
 I think me not of this same sequency—
 For it is mine obedience not to think—
 And my reward—

Now be the liar, saint,
 And say it is not—to be reprobate!
 Say thou art not proscib'd: that the fawn'd cur
 That scents his master's heel, is not more free,
 Than thou to make thy foot familiar
 Upon His lordly track. Say, when He took
 His pleasure here, and whom it pleased Him,
 That thou wast with Him. Aye—say this! and then,
 If thy tongue fray not in th' elaborate lie—
 Why, in the name of perjury, pluck it out!
 And to the jaws of flaming Phlegethon
 Hurl it, in hostage of thy recreant self—

Who shalt have speedy restitution.
 Be dumb, the while: and, purpose pent, grow foul
 With burthen of conceived blasphemy
 It shall the teeth of gnashing set on edge
 To hear delivered. Look thee to scare
 The house of terror, to whose fearfulness
 Ev'n jeopardy were hope—when, in the pang
 Of this thy monster birth thou travailest—
 Crying Redemption and the Nazarene!
 Ev'n in the gates of hell. If not—then call
 Upon thine own name's hatefulness, and add
 Iscariot! Say Christ and Judas here!
 Gehenna! Jesus! and Iscariot!
 Hold—there's not room enough! Where?—
What's in me?
 I'll think on this.

So wrought, tumultuous,
 And into such incontinence brake forth
 The schism of his soul, who, ill possess'd,

And unto ill abandoned, so spake.
Nor marvel that not all unheard, of whom
Such words beseemed, such did pass away.
There was, who, on the evil watch hard by,
Had walk'd unseen, in lust of this discourse,
Satan, now long on the occasion bent—
Occasion crav'd what time since the defeat
That in the wilderness befell—and now,
Among His followers lying wait, resolv'd,
If aught the Galilean might defame,
By discord wak'd, or by desertion won,
On easy, sure, though ignoble revenge.

A foot was on the snare. And to his toils
Forthwith applied him that fowler fain ;
Plying his art, insidious, with fresh lure
To fascinate the prey ; with slow approach
Gaining the while upon him—and to accost
Him straight prepar'd. But first, with gradual fall,
As of some steps remotely drawing nigh,

He did his ear solicit—failing these—
That he might cheat with sense of false alarm,
And then in false security surprise
Him heedless grown. And it was so, that when
Intrusion, of some unseen presence, took
Rude place beside him—nought that man of mood
It stood upon, or stand, or way to make.
So idly arm'd, it needed not the foe
With feint encounter him.

What feigned he,
Whose half told thought had work for words like these?

Now, be the sect so minded, Galilean—
And Jesu's name liveth not after Him.
So the world keeps her centre! Tis amiss
That not ambition knows its proper lot;
But, ever wide of the true pitch of wealth,
Will sight adventure with a truant aim,
And wing its shaft with power—that returns not.
Blind usurer! Yet is it not amiss

The game of tyrants should be staked high ;
For so hangs tyranny upon the cast,
Oft as the throw. Nor seldom chanceth it
More from its daring than its height to fall :
Basely to yield the throne adulterous
Of climbing usurpation, than to deck,
And then die royally upon, its own.
—He doth amerce of liberty all flesh,
Who not upon his own way walks content,
Bating the breadth of thine—this dominant
Of Bethlehem's cradle—dreamer of a world !

It is a story old of jealousy,
And with a hoary moral sagely writ,
That once Authority's high self, above,
Its place cathedral did e'en so outstall
That not the floor of heaven wide, for Him,
Enough was prostrate—but that all too near,
As too aspirant of His favour's frown,
His scarce inferiours stood. The proud waste, then,

Of half His strength for poor supremacy
Is known : nor less, in what remonstrance loud—
The vengeance oath upon a legion tongue—
He heareth of it even unto this day.

Methinks full young this rod of Jesse yet
For stroke so tyrannous. . Twelve didst thou say,
In strength—and cast one off ?

I number'd none :

Or made complaint of any unto thee—
Whoso thou art—that thine unborrow'd ear
Lendest to words that thank thee not its service—
Abrupt, Iscariot said. So tempted here
By guile of the Arch foe reply to make ;
And soon of that ill suitor, nought repuls'd,
Thus answered.

But that occasion grave
Did in thy speech profess itself, not mine

Had mov'd displeasure. Even now not so
 Much merited. The common air, that keeps
 With sound no covenant of secrecy,
 Hath nought of quarrel with mine ear, that words
 Wherewith thou mak'st the wind intelligent
 Should pass me foolish by. Touching what cause
 Hath wak'd thy discontent with Him thou serv'st,
 Now do I nothing marvel—

Him I serve !

By any right of thine, Judas exclaim'd,
 So much to assume, I serve Him not : nor thee
 So far to tell thee whom.

Now better speed,

The tempter quick rejoin'd, were any one's
 With me associate—than privilege
 Of place with any his compeers to hold
 In so much envy as—I say not thou—

I know thee not—Iscaiot coldly said.

Tis nought, Satan made instant answer, yet
 Thou mayest know. Howbeit this Nazarene
 Is of all men's acquaintance, and hath tongued
 With a strange speech this talking world of ours.
 And that it is so much indebteth Him.
 Rumour's a holiday affair of wit ;
 And worn out folly, from the multitude,
 May at low cost refit itself—awhile !
 Meantime there is a fashion in men's thoughts
 Will outlive wonder : and when all that's strange
 Hath led its mimicry of life, and died,
 Will be—what it hath been.

Tis memoried yet

With some, whose brow shall yet awhile make good
 The curse ere wrinkles age them, what receipt
 Of spendthrift faith the Theudan heresy (b)
 Embezzled, leaving wisdom creditor
 Four hundredfold. Nor less the Gaulonite
 Liveth in mind, the tribute breaker, known
 Or in his fame, or fall.—Iscariot !

Liar—for that thou com'st dishonestly
 By truth, Iscariot fiercely cried, tis false!
 I will not answer to that name.

Whom then,

The persecutor urg'd

Yet hear me, thou

Of a self shamefulness—who shalt not find
 One saying blush in other's company,
 Noting my words. I do demand of thee,
 If not the fasciated pile be strong,
 In its accumulate singleness and bond
 Of close integrity, who will seek strength
 In the loos'd fagot? Thou shalt not demur
 Unto their numbers, or their compact—them
 I tell thee of—who are remembered!
 Saith gossip more of them?

The seedy time

Is rife of wonder: and expectancy

Sits every-where with idly-outstretch'd hands,
Begging impossibilities. So far
Prediction needs were temperate to say :
Yet were it little in advance of wit
To overhend the morrow that puts out
This folly's day.—I see the air-fed thing
That rides amazement with such levity,
Mounting the eyes of men at errant height :
How like a little world upon its way—
A sphere set free—gay—buoyant—beautiful—
And, of its own expanse—bursting! What else?
I tell thee tis a bubble! Wilt thou hear?
For that it breaks, there's blasting over head
For them that have a stake of trust therein.
Whoso betakes him timely of its fall
May baulk derision : he that crushes it
Shall have revenge! Judas Iscariot—

What would'st thou? Judas said. For at that word
Rose all the crime of purpose up within him.

And with as fierce a strength of pleasure struck,
Satan soon, thus, that saying seconded.

Revenge ! The victim's privilege—the right
Sovereign, and sole, of him that's wrong'd—a power
That out of thorn'd oppression turns a wreath
Upon the brow of the opprest, more rich
Than crown of martyrs. Majesty it is,
That in the molt of iron tyranny
Doth coin a kingdom ; and makes terrible
Its strength in arms, by how much warred with
The mightier. Revenge—that so is wrought
As the steel taketh temper—fire tried :
By dint of this. Self to emancipate
Is to be more than free. It is to make
What freedom is—more proudly so mine own.
But to avenge me of an enemy
Thus much is godlike—for it liketh Him—
That what I do create I do destroy.
Man of my words, what read'st thou ?

Blasphemy !

That man replied. Yet would I list thee out—
For there is that in thee doth itch the ear—
To have of thee, in th' end, advertisement,
Who speaks thus daringly.

Who thus rejoin'd.

They sue that lack enough—not they that have.
So high in stomach—off! I need thee not.

Then with thy witchery on ! for I must hear—
That lost one, desperate, no more refrain'd.
Though of thy speech perdition be the sum,
It hath a calculation, that desire
Outbeggars will to tell it after thee :
And zeal a scholar at thy counsel sits
To know itself, with thine acquaintance. Wrong
Is written on me. I am not misread.
Make me familiar to myself yet more,
In wit of yet another attribute—

Revenge—and I am known!

Then spake the slave.

And thus his taskmaster.

The measure, then,

Of whom in fear or in defiance held,

Thou holdest for a foe, take unto thee.

'Twere most to mete one grade his greatness more

Than height that's casual. 'Tis at something less

I rate him: insomuch, there's not a flaw

In frailty coupled with defect more near

Than this man's strength to pregnability.

Why, is 't not public, that his marvels' bruit,

For one weak follower begotten thus,

Doth ten strong foes create? Oft have I known

Old Judah's lion make his anger heard:

Ne'er so as at His name. And I have stood

To see the eagle of the seven hills sweep

Through the blood scented sky: not as methought

I saw his wide wing hover late, where lay

The cripple crowd about this healer—all
 Save first himself begetting salvable.
 Himself!—or first, or last, it boots not much
 The saving, whom so many drachmas told
 As should but poize his years, in barmy
 Would fetch, for any use the offended Power
 Hath appetite. Go to!—He's brainless, blind,
 Infatuate—who, having thy so great
 And foul disorder, doth an hour neglect
 Of the time's remedy—

Thy burthen, Seer!

Possest, the traitor cried.—Unravel thee:
 Or throw the clew out! Come—presage my thought;
 That I may swear me, of what circuit star
 This hand shall stay the course!

The Sanhedrim!

In mutter'd emphasis th' exulting fiend
 Said:

And forsook him : sole : to what remorse
The light's calm look, upon the Orient
Now shed, and calmer thought, might wake within him.

Meantime, the self of loneliness that stood
Him startled there, seem'd not itself alone.
A word was with him—

Did he dream?

Awake,

That word was on his tongue—the Sanhedrim!

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

NOTES TO BOOK III.

(a)

“And from the sweetest sign humility”

“And Jesus asked them, what was it that ye disputed among yourselves by the way? But they held their peace: for by the way they had disputed among themselves who should be the greatest.

* * * * *

And He took a child, and set him in the midst of them: and when He had taken him in his arms He said unto them, whosoever shall receive one of such in my name receiveth me: and whosoever receiveth me receiveth not me, but Him that sent me.”

Mark, Cap ix. 33—7.

(b)

“the Theudan heresy,” &c.

Acts of the Apostles, Cap. v. 35 &c.

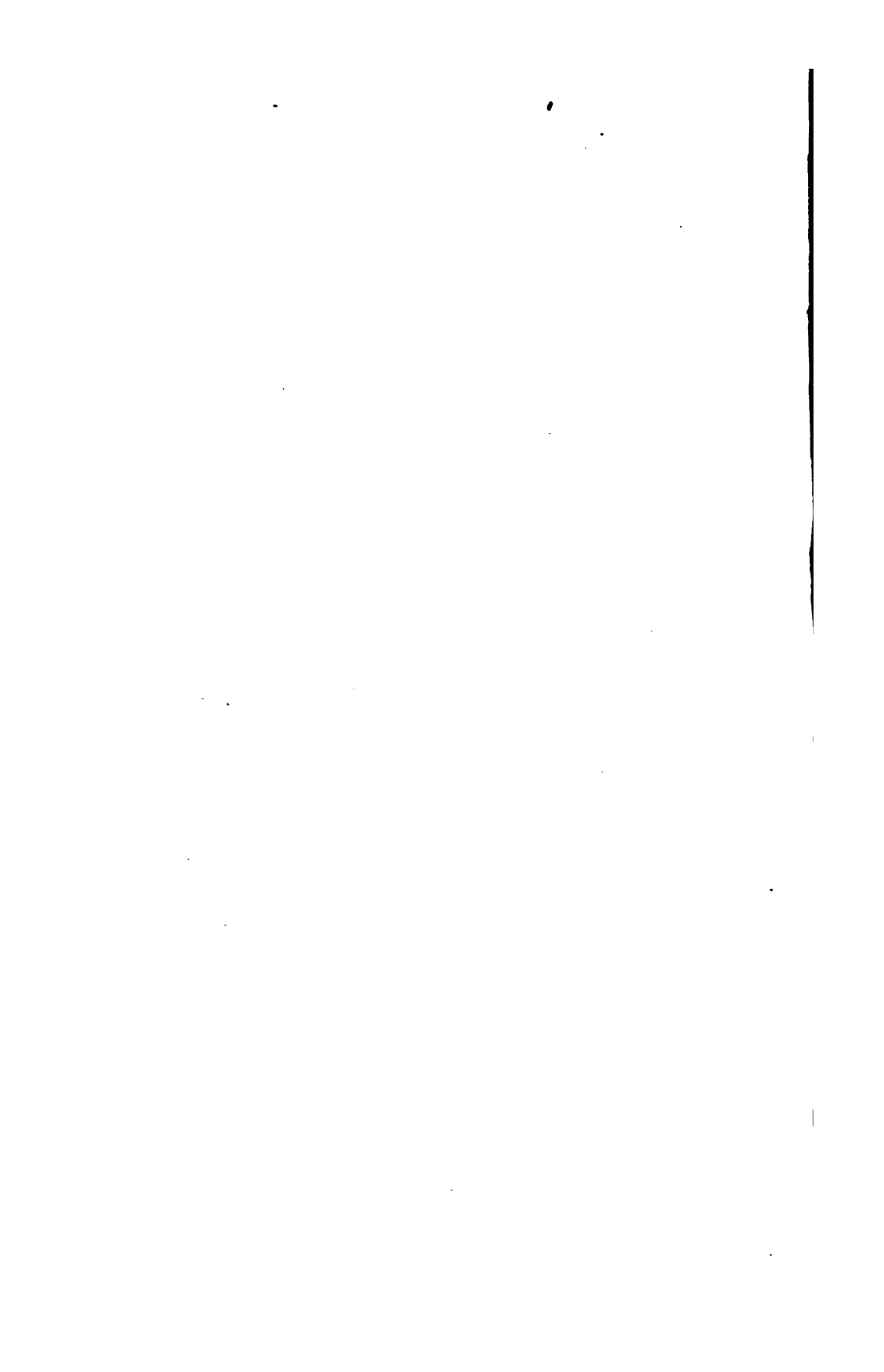
THE BETRAYAL.

BOOK IV.

BOOK IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

*The Pascal morn. Jerusalem. Christ's entry—
the Redeemer's tears. Isaiah. Preparation.
House of Caiaphas—Judas at the gate. The
Sacrament—The guests—the forewarning—The
Betrayal. The Hallel.*



THE BETRAYAL.

BOOK IV.

The morn rose sleepless upon Salem's hill,
Whose sun had set at Herod's gate of gold,
That paschal eve. And with the early hour
Of quiet dawn, in her less look of rest
Than silence, and suppression that doth keep
The busy secret of men's purposes,
Discourse of day began. There had come up
The throng of Israel's thousands to the homes
Of trib'd Metropolis, her ritual
To keep. And at her place of concourse, now,
Along her avenues, her portals by,
And where her walled lines of lot include
Her pleasant places—ere the morn mature,
For thrifty day, her dress of sober sheen,

That wont to wear her beauty, might array,
 Rose noontide rumour high. And, verily,
 What thought of life and wisdom's work that day
 To meditation might have minister'd,
 Had been of time's redeeming: so the zeal
 Did of religion's primal law the place
 Assert—of all things first.

Alas for zeal!

That not with knowledge armeth her: for zeal,
 Whose virtue faith not girdeth on—refus'd
 Her panoply of light. Alas for her!
 The priestess of the temple—the estrang'd
 From Him that greater than the temple is:
 That, by the altar sworn, the sacrifice
 Unto her own blood guiltiness betakes—
 That strives in God's own ordinance with God!

Behold the Lamb! Once of a saying hard
 Had this evangely the burthen been:

Yea, twice, while yet the fresh baptismal sign
Lay like the dew of youth upon Him.

Now

Unto another baptism, of blood
The sprinkling, and of death the vow, He comes.
Who will behold him now?

Where saintly keep

Aparted priests their courses cloisteral,
Not meditation's stilly rite may be
Silent of Him. The separated there
Unto their Levite law—as they did deem
Of His name's virtue—pledge the sacrament (a)
Unto His coming.

While the multitude,

By some attraction fetched from the streets—
What go they out to see?

From Olivet,

They said who gather'd first its tiding tone,

The far cry came—to th' ear interpreted
Exultingly.

Lo, where it breaketh thence
Into the full breath of its glad acclaim,
The Hallelujah! Tis the choral shout
Of some strong company that greet again
Their home of yearly pilgrimage in peace.
—Yet is it more that advent hymn should mean,
Than pilgrims' rest, or shrine of pilgrimage:
And more that triumph.

Are there not that bear
The symbol branch on high? and at the feet
Of One whom many seem to celebrate
That scatter homage?

How the City's steep
Is breasted with her people's strength, and strife,
Impatient of th' approach! And fully, now,
To th' listening and multitudinous sense
The strain is syllabled.

Behold, He comes!

Thy Son, O house of David! Unto thee,
 Daughter of Zion—and the Lord his name.
 Hosanna unto Him that cometh—king
 Of Israel—and be His kingdom blest!
 In heaven peace, and glory be on high!
 Hosanna!

Now, there did suppress itself
 Of speech, the thousand tongue of multitude
 Unto that hearing. What a tumult oft
 Doth wait on silence! The thought moved mass
 Heaves with enquiry—breaks into demand;
 And of its own great guilt of ignorance
 E'en clamours for redress.

Vain supplicance!

That not unto its need, but idly, asks;
 And what it would refuses: all the grace
 Of prayer profaning—all its prevalence
 With heaven making void—the crime except.

Still do they challenge Him—of note—of name—
 The heralded of angels and of men:
 The ear's familiar gratulation, long,
 And the eye's blessing now?

Where, now, behold,

And more beholding—fix'd in feeling's gaze—
 Silent—intent—toward that City's brow,
 He stands express'd—

The Sorrower!

And weeps!

O earth—that drink'st His tears, and tellest not
 Or of their sweet grace, or the bitterness
 Those drops that wringeth out—a heart is thine,
 Than any sooth thy children learn of thee,
 Less hard.

And Thou, to this acquaintance grown
 With grief, O man of sorrows, it is meet
 Thou shouldst, unto these rocks of human kind,
 Thy tears interpret.

Wilt thou weep their words
Into one heart that hath resisted Thee,
And aches against itself—the penitence
That, of thy stripes, the breaking wound and balm
Of life derives, that it may inly know!

Tomb of th' untimely dead—it may not be
A prophet perish, ridding thee his blood!
I come, thou Golgotha! as it is writ
Of me. Yet, hadst thou known, Jerusalem,
E'en thou in this thy day, the peace making,
Now hid, forsaken of thy mercies! from thee:
How had thy peace been as a river now—
Thy righteousness unbroken as the sea!
Yea, thou destroying city—them that bear,
In heaven's name, thy wealth upon their words
Rejecting, e'en unto the death—how oft
Would I thy lost elect have gathered,
As a hen takes her brood unto her wings,
And ye would not! Now is left desolate

Your house. And henceforth me ye know no more,
 Till judgment unto truth I take: and wrath
 Shall come upon you to the uttermost.
 Then, when ye rend the rocks for refuges,
 And vainly take these mountain names in prayer—
 Then shall ye hail him blessed that should come
 In my despised name!

Who hath believ'd,
 Evangelist of vision, thy report—
 Who didst at Judah's kingly seats attune
 Thy harp of old unto Messiah's name;
 And waken into high prophetic song,
 For Zion's sake, the slumbering promises—
 The daughter of thy people setting forth
 In travail of her joy?

For unto us
 A Child is born: a Son to us is given:
 And upon Him the government shall be.
 How shall a name confess Him—Wonderful,

Counsellor, mighty God, eternal Sire,
The Prince of peace! A throne established—
A kingdom growing into endless age
Be his! Yea, for the Lord of hosts, His zeal
Performeth it.

Who hath believed thee,
Thou Prophet fain—and unto whom reveal'd
Is He, arm of the Lord, by rightful name?
For that He groweth as a tender plant,
The root of a dry ground. He hath no form—
No comeliness. Beauty is not in Him—
And our desire is none. He is despis'd
Of men—of men rejected—He a man
Of sorrows—the acquainted one of grief.
Yea, is He not accounted unto us
A hiding of the face?

Hath He not borne
Our griefs, and all our sorrows carried—
That we esteem Him smitten thus of God,

In justice' stroke?

Wounded He is for us:

For our transgression: bruised for our sin.
He is chastised for our peace: his stripes
Are healing unto us. All we have stray'd
Like sheep, and gone in our own wandering—
And upon Him is the iniquity—
The Lord hath laid it there!
He is opprest: He is afflicted; yet
He openeth not his mouth. Brought as a lamb
He is unto the slaughter: is cut off
From judgment: and his generation
Who shall declare? The grave of wickedness
Had well nigh been—but rich his tomb shall be:
For not his hand hath violence, or guile
His lips. Yet pleased hath the Lord, that thus
His soul an offering for sin should make:
And thus hath promised, that He a seed
Shall see, for length of days; and prosperous
The pleasure of the Lord be in his hand.

Of his soul's travail shall He, satisfied,
Behold: for by the knowledge of Him, now,
Shall men be justified—many forgiven.
The strong shall be his portion—and his spoil
The mighty! For He poureth out his soul
To death: is number'd with transgressors: bears
The many's sin: for many intercedes!

The world hath not, O righteous Father, known
Or Thee, or whom, Apostle from Thee, life
Eternal, with Thyself, it is to know!
Yet not estrang'd—low sojourning the while—
Deem'st thou thy Son, Paternal Grace from Thee—
Or He himself forsaken. Lo, the sons
Whom Thou hast given Him! And they have known
My name, and through me thine declaring, thine!

Need not His words a witness, who imputes
The world thus wanting. Need they none, whom thus

His praise approves—

Where, on their errand sped,
Amid th' abodes of men a dwelling found—
A tabernacle for the Lord—are met
The chosen some of His disciples few:
And for the ritual feast apart prepare
The upper place of home—most meetly there,
Such Guest to entertain—the covenant
Of so vouchsaf'd communion to keep.

The day wrought with them.

And with Him it wrought,
Recluse, in sadness and Gethsemane,
The Baptist of affliction's flood—of tears—
In the strong wrest of supplication, then,
Sole travailing.

How wrought the hours of haste
On every hand!

Where, chiefly, gathering
Ye had beheld, Old Zion's portals by,
The threshold of her mountain palaces,
Chief priest, and Scribe, and Elders popular,
Tempting the common ear with secrecy
Of things not hid—the vulgar appetite
Feeding, e'en by what purpose proud reserve
They would refuse it—openly conceal'd
As in that presence of th' excluded throng
They sate, within that priestly hall alone,
And did take counsel: at their need did take
Deep counsel: and unto their purpose such
As subtle was, and dark, and desperate.
—What less might serve whom malice might incensé
At mercy's greater name—Messiah, thine?
They counsel'd hate: they did conspire deceit;
And held their right hand up in bartery,
Unto a lie!

The common people heard,

With scandal, the unholy price.

And when

There stood a stranger in their midst, who not
At once resentment made, they marvelled.
Would he betray the tongue's more noble trust
For its poor stake in pamper'd appetite—
Morsel'd to lie? He did speak scorn at this:
Yet did he not refuse to know again,
At price of asking, of that recompense:
And what of thirty pieces, specially,
The meaning haply were: and something spake,
They understood not, of how many years
'Twas short o' th' number: somewhat questioning
'Of Jesus' name—and how acquaintance ran
Not with his age, in all men's reckoning.
And some would note him then—and talk apart:
But he did gaze upon them, and their thought
Demandingly interpret. Was it aught
In him, it reckon'd not in all men else,
That rumour, grown all men's familiar,

Begat in one no strangeness: or so spare
Of speech had th' name thus suddenly become,
That but to take it did impeach the tongue
Of some acquaintance? Let his words have weight,
And lightest air should have preponderance!
Aye—for no let of access—get thee hence—
As who should say!—And then, impassionate,
In some strong recollection he stood fixt—
And spake not: and his eye fiercely withdrew:
And with himself as darkly occupied
Heseem'd, strange thoughts did then confess themselves;
And, faith—th' offence—and treachery, he said.
Anon, with sense astart, yet eagerly,
To some unseen accost he did give ear:
Then with rais'd hand, and clench'd upon his brow,
He talk'd revenge: and, waking wildly, then,
To all the self of seared consciousness—
Flush'd with suspicion, threw, in one dark look,
His eye around: then shrunk, and stole away:
As upon desperate deed intent: for still

There hung upon his lips strange mutterings :
And of the price, he spake again—of blood.
Would truth not serve them?—Would they buy the truth?
They should his soul's offence have with it.—Aye!
And he would buy revenge!

So ravening,
Upon unblessed purpose, wrought his way,
That man of self abandon'd seeming, through
The thick impeding throng—and whither led
The gate of Caiaphas.

The day wore on—
Alike, with God-sped purpose tim'd, or ill:
How diversely alike!

There, stealthily,
Like a dark deed that sought the night :
And here,
As lingering in complacent light of eve,
Upon a vesper feast, to charity

Prepar'd : where at her chamber garnished,
Her gifts made ready, and her guests at hand,
Sate charity that night. And meekly shone
The setting ray upon the manner meek
Of that repast:—the table freely spread,
For appetite, and health, and holy cheer:
The guests that grac'd with several character,
But one accord, and lowly all, the feast.

But, firstly, Him, of all that fellowship
The covenanted name, did all the grace
Of that communion own, Jesus confest
Of all—the Priest of charity—as there,
With blessing look, and love that it was bliss
To learn of Him, in living language free
Discoursing, He did a sweet sense impose
Of better presence ; and with free constraint
Of love did will the hearts of all unto Him
That kept that first and earnest ordinance,
The grace giving of what commandment new

Should to its keeping the new earth create.

The sainted of His love ; first of the few
 That in his train reclined there : the giv'n
 Of filial duty, in its dying hour,
 Unto a mother's sorrow-spoiled heart—
 Bequeathed from the Cross ; on Patmos isle (*b*)
 Ægean—priest of the Apocalypse—
 Named of men divine :—less honoured
 To own such idol apotheosis,
 Than, in the laud of favour, meekly borne,
 To be of Jesus lov'd.

Th' interpreted

In kindlier thought of charity, that gave
 To the strong will of weakness Cephas' name :
 A rock—a reed ! in zeal of purpose, now,
 The world withstanding—of the wind, anon,
 How shaken ! in the self lore of the heart,
 And its deep reading, the disciple he.

Th' endow'd of woman's rich maternity— (c)
 Offspring and heirs of her heart's lofty love,
 That did the trespass great of suppliance
 Not shun—the grace in heavenly places shewn
 Preventing—to the kingdom's either hand
 Of throned favour, in the preference
 Of prayer aspiring: that baptiz'd they stood
 Unto the cup and cross participant
 Of trial—His, who wears not, or awards
 Th' untrophied crown.

And he, the slow of heart, (d)
 Faith's second blest—the birth right of belief
 That did for argument of sight forego:
 Yet, unto all example, of that sense
 Enriching the employ: who saw—and where
 The proud find an offence, and reason's vaunt
 Is scandal'd, did the truth of Deity—
 Thine, Son of man! and in thy wounds declar'd—

Pearl of all price as is that knowledge found—
Not fail, or of the finding, or the joy.

There lacked none of all the chosen. Aught,
Of all that choice in its most partial aim
Might meditate of favour shewing, there,
Ye had not lack'd: how beautiful the bliss
Of brotherhood—how more than beautiful
Soe'er ye deem, in its occasion glad,
The feast fraternal. The beatitude
That hath unto this law of love held out,
Unto all time, its sanction sweet, was there—
A joy, and a prediction.

Ye that prove

In what obedience of faith it is
Most blessed to obey—doth it fulfil?
Or say, to what anticipation's spoil
Doth promise cast her fruit? The bread ye break,
Is it not signal of the embodied love

That broken was for you—and meat indeed ?
 The cup—how pledge ye to the common health,
 And not to God, in joy's full eucharist,
 Its drink divine ?

O ye are myriads,
 That guest the life giving : the living ye
 Unto its praise. And shall be ! Yea the birth,
 Through time's long travail, of your sons elect,
 Shall the far portals of the world throw wide,
 Unto the synagogue of saints to come—
 Jehovah's bidding done !

'Twas in that night—
 And ere the feast did tarry to an end,
 That Jesus, unto a thank offering,
 Took bread ; and, blessing, brake it—as with words
 That did diffuse and multiply a bliss—
 And gave unto them, saying, take ye—eat :
 This is my body which is broken for you :
 Do this for a remembrance of me.

In manner like, of thanksgiving, he gave,
 And said of it, this cup is of my blood
 The covenant new: this, often as ye drink,
 Do in remembrance of me.

He said:

And there did speak in Him such harmonies
 As had, save on his tongue, been discord deem'd:
 Sadness, that was a joy: submission meek,
 That saw a virtue smiling on the Cross—
 And look'd a victory: th' obedience
 That doth a hand so willing set, as seems
 To make its own the law it honoureth,
 That godliness is like to God—

How like

In Thee, His glory's brightness, image Thou
 Of His perfection!—

Above all, the might
 Of mercy that did sway His speech, and throw
 His words into most sweet authority.

Who wot their meaning? Who their mystery,
To aught save wonder, or to aught save fear
Might turn?

Or didst thou deprecate again,
Cephas, the saying hard; or pledge thee all
Thy weakness to some strong discomfiture?

Yea, it was all prophetic to thine ear,
Familiar one, who wast at Jesus' side.
And well were thought indulg'd the thinking thee
Nearer, and yet more lowlily address'd—
As bending to the breath that tidings bore
Of things, save in their sorrowful account,
Ill reckoning.

And was there wonder, then,
And a misgiving at His word? O more
Than marvel's utmost ignorance, or fear,
Fell upon all—with other truth disclos'd.

How did the ear believe its audit? how,
The heart resent its message of dismay?
When the forewarning like a judgment came
Upon the unprepar'd!

The hand, it cried,
Of him that doth betray me—behold, now,
Is with me on the table!

Omniscient!

Thou didst accuse the guilty.

Omniscient!

The guiltless heard Thee: and at thy rebuke
Did innocence impeach its heart of guile,
And sue conviction! There were searchings deep
Of spirit then—and many thoughts reveal'd—
In vain! No man did know himself: none might
Himself i' th' possible heinousness disown;
And into prayer enquiry did break forth,
To be aveng'd of doubt—one, manifold,
And common, in th' appeal.

Lord, is it I?

The hand of him that dippeth with me, now!

Again the warning spake.

The son of man

Goeth as it is written of him:—woe

Unto that man by whom He is betray'd!

Did they arrest, as guiltily withdrew

The treacherous palm? or like a menace look'd

That pulse of beating flame—the clench'd caress

Of those unmutual hands, as to himself

He gather'd them—and gaz'd unsteadfastly,

As he did all men's eyes encounter—none

Confess—save of His look who nothing sought,

Yet did command him—upon whom, intent,

In desperate hope, and ill suppress'd despair,

He cried—as one that ask'd not—

Is it I—

Master?

And Judas spake.

Thou sayest it!

The Son of God adjudg'd reply—and what
Thou dost, do quickly!

He had raised him—

That smitten one, but not with penitence :
And stood astart, and shrank, but not in fear.
The reprobation kindled on his soul
By that consigning deed of utterance
Came like a sense—a curse's quickening—
Its searing, too : a presence, and a power—
Yea, a possession—Satan-spel'd, it came.
Another voice there was did summon him,
And spake within—to the same timeless deed
Did summon; and in words the same, that cried,
Do quickly what thou dost. Instant, a thought
Was at the cold heart of that lost one : there
A crime of memory : blasphemously there,
As it had been—in retribution now !

And as he darken'd from them into th' night
Without—he rav'd of Christ and Belial!

'Twas night: and listlessly the time worn ear,
To the yet living sounds that drowsily
Within that city rose, gave aught of heed.
The day, surcharg'd with deeds, was heavily
Stifing at rest: save where to watchfulness
Without, some strange—haply some dark deed, call'd
The wanderer—or some familiar thing
Of home the hearth or altar occupied.

The altar of the hearth! Within one home,
Its sanctity I did essay to sing.
Let me return unto that home again!—
Ere from the festal shrine the holy band
Betake them to their tent of Olivet.
And let me list their parting lay of praise.
It is the Hallel! And the seal is set, (e)

Of praise, unto that ancient ritual,
Made perfect.

'Tis the Hallel! And anew
In Zion's Agapæ, the date of song
Is unto ages set.

For ever be
The burthen of its onward glory borne!
Of all time's harmonies the living theme—
Hymn of Eternity!

Hallelujah!

Let the voice of time
Awake unto the song :
And earth, through every clime,
And every tongue—
Far as the world encircling sun's wide way,
The livelong day—
Anointed to proclaim
Jehovah's name,
Summon His ministers her sons among.

A glorious throne,
More than the heavens high,
Inhabiting alone
In majesty—
Who of all gods is like unto the Lord ?
Where, all ador'd,
He humbled is—to be :
How wonderously
Made low awhile, the Son, th' incarnate Word!

Jehovah! when Thy hand's alarms
On Egypt's house of bondage fell;
And to redemption's holy arms
Arose thine ancient Israel:

By what indwelling holiness
Judah thy sanctuary stood ;
And Jacob, conquering, confess
Thine own omnipotence, O God !

The deep stood up! Th' Erythrean wave,
As one discomfited, did flee:
And earth's strong holds—the mountains—gave
Almighty presence—way to Thee!

For why, array'd in grace severe,
Doth terror mark thy steps below.
O earth, remembering then thy fear,
Forget not God is with thee now!

Take unto Thee thine own,
Who author art of all—
The glory that doth Thee alone,
Celestial,
Become—thy Godhead, and thy throne!

For truth—thine own seal set
To mercy—thy decree:
For truth and mercy met

So wonderously :
And be in both thy glory great!

How are the heathen vain
That challenge thine abode!
Or doth the heaven of heavens contain
An idol god?
Less only than themselves profane!

Rest, Israel, in the Lord,
Who is thy help and shield :
O house of Aaron, to His word,
So oft fulfill'd,
Your trust, with all that fear Him, yield!

How hath His mindfulness,
Let Israel now say :
How henceforth, hath His grace
Assur'd the living way!
Yea, and Amen Thy promises :
Yea, and Amen Thy praise!

Rest to the soul ! the weary hour
Of hope is on her evening way ;
And faith's refreshing sign is o'er
The Sabbath dawn of day.

Rest to the soul !

Return to it, thou wanderer—
Soul of a once lost world—and see,
In what life-healing bounty here
Thy God hath dealt with thee!

Rest to the soul !

Deliverance! the mortal sting
Lost, in one dying life, for thee :
Thy sorrows borne : thy transgressing
Absolv'd immortally !

Rest to the soul !

Redemption ! and a living land,
Thou earth, redeem'd, art named now.

O sons of earth! at heaven's hand,
 Bless ye in freedom's free command:
 And be the covenant—the vow—

Rest to the soul!

The fallen that wast!
 That of the miracle supreme—
 Jehovah stooping to redeem—
 Partaken hast,
 What wilt thou render unto Him?

The risen that art!
 From out thy low and lost estate,
 Into the life regenerate—
 What of thy part
 In nature's owing—free'd one—what?

How manifold—
 Unto all life a living theme—
 By thine unmeriting joy of them

Their numbers told,
His mercy's doings shalt thou deem ?

One to thy need !
In its sole competence confest—
Sum of all suppliance and acquest—
The sovereign deed
Of God's omnipotent behest.

One to thy vow !
That needful one: and that secur'd,
Thou shalt require thy soul, assur'd,
To rise and know,
What shall I render to the Lord ?

O God, thy cup of saving health
Such plenitude doth bear,
Less affluent than its living wealth
The world's great waters are.

Yet not alone its fulness flows,
 Around thy bounteous name :
Who hears its offers free, nor knows
 Thee equally in them ?

Tis life to take ! and thou art hence
 In living witness known.
How doth the perfect providence
 Attribute it thine own !

O God of saving health ! thy cup
 This willing hand shall take ;
And in thy holy name lift up,
 For all thy mercy's sake.

Now open ye your righteous gates,
For praise unto their opening waits !—
Where holiness enthron'd may dwell
In the high praise of Israel.

The Lord hath founded Zion: write
Upon her walls of crystallite
Salvation! and, in virgin stole,
Be at her threshold, beautiful,
The daughter of devoutest song,
To lead thanksgiving's self along
Her theme of triumph through. For why,
Of heathen rude, and sophist high,
That did th' anointed name defy,
Truth hath aveng'd her valiantly!
Where is the wise? the scribe? and where
Of this vain world the disputer?
Lo, at the temple's holy site,
Where link aloft their depth and height;
And into length and breadth embrace
Old Salem's pile of palaces—
The stone—rejected once, the brow
Of that proud fane is binding now!
Did not the Lord his strength put on,
That raised up that living stone?

Against the power of Gentile hate
With Jewish pride confederate!
Lord God of hosts, that doest thus—
That in our eyes art marvellous—
The day is thine! by what declared,
To the vanquishing, thine arm was bared:
And thine attributed shall be
The sabbath of festivity!
Blessed, to glory's highest aim,
Be the Messiah of thy name!
The voice of praise, for Him declar'd,
Is in thine house of prayer heard:
And at the altar mingles now
With suppliant breath the breathed vow.

God is the Lord: and glorious
The light where dwelleth GOD WITH US!
Unto the altar bind, and bring
The life anointed offering.

The never failing song shall wake
For never failing mercy's sake.

O what are thanks of time to Thee,
The hallow'd of Eternity!

END OF THE FOURTH BOOK.

NOTES TO BOOK IV.

(a)

“ Pledge the sacrament

“ Unto His coming.”

“ And the Jews' passover was nigh at hand : and many went out of the country up to Jerusalem before the passover, to purify themselves. Then sought they for Jesus, and spake among themselves as they stood in the temple, what think ye, that he will not come to the feast ?

John, Cap. xi. 55. 6.

(b)

“ Bequeathed from the Cross ;”

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother. * *
* * * When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, He saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son !

John, Cap. xix. 25. 6.

(c)

“Th’ endow’d of woman’s rich maternity.—”

Mat. Cap. xx. 20. &c.

(d)

“And he, the slow of heart,”

John, Cap. xx. 24—29.

(e)

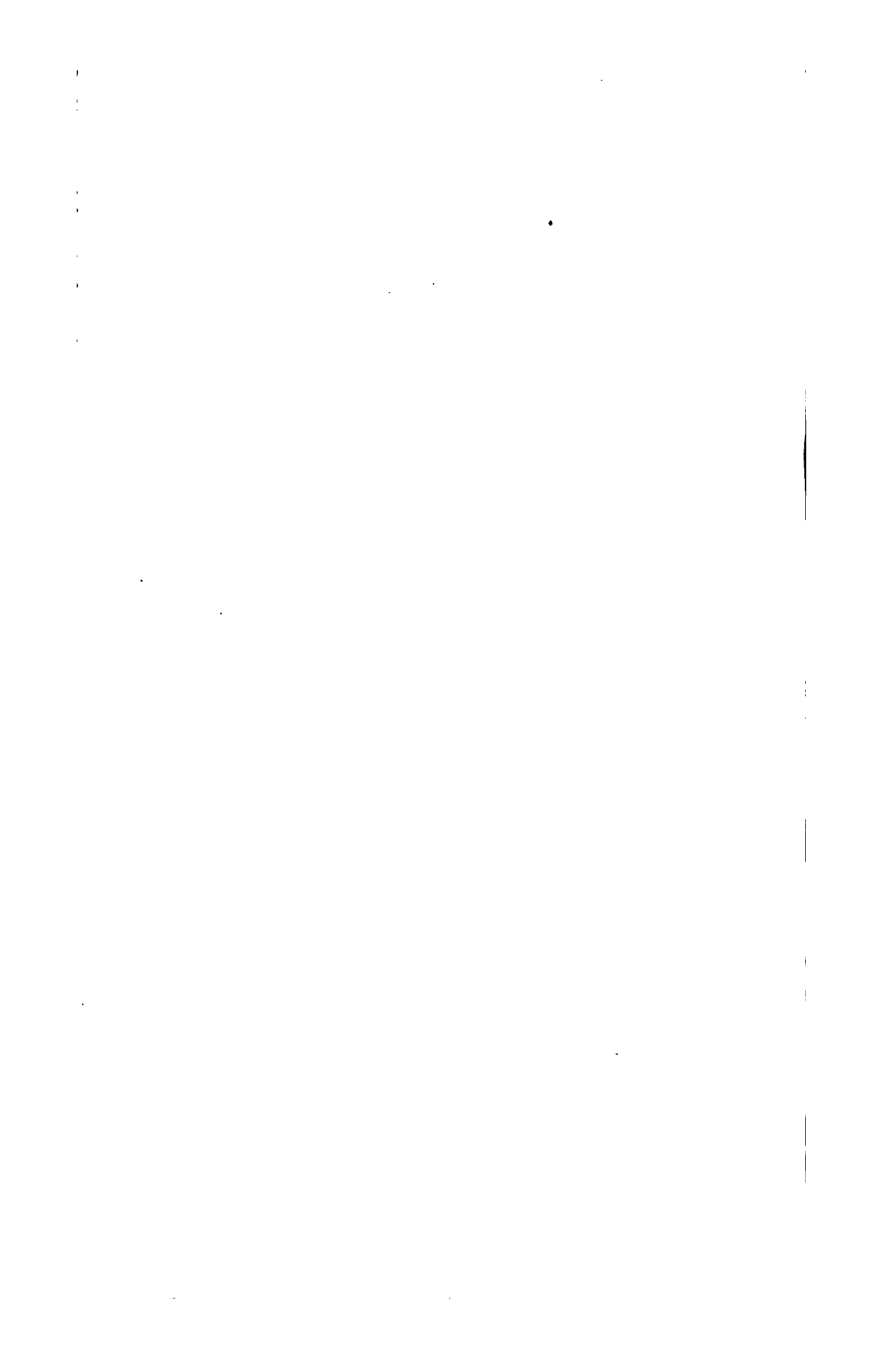
“It is the Hallel!”

It is conjectured that the piece of Psalmody bearing this name comprised the cxiiiith to the cxviiiith of the Psalms of David, inclusive. It was commonly used at the Jewish passover. That the same, or quotations from it, might be used by our Lord and his disciples at the institution of the Christian sacrament, may, in the absence of other evidence, be assumed.

Only a few of the more prominent and leading passages of the Hallel are employed in the metrical version here attempted.

THE BETRAYAL.

BOOK V.



BOOK V.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Night. A dream. Gethsemane. The Passion.
The Arrest. The followers of the Cross. The
Temple. The Sanhedrim. The Thirty Pieces.
Judas Iscariot.*

1

2

3

4

5

6

THE BETRAYAL.

BOOK V.

Ill hath he sped, who of the time's meet hour
Abandoned, of aught his purpose hath,
In league with night acquitteth him. Drear night!
That numberest not in heaven's reckoning:
That hast thy haunt in earth's forsaken hours:
'Tis a diseased life that wakes to thee!
Thee seen, to th' eye no longer light is good;
And the heart loveth darkly: evil things
Have in men's doings then their misdeeming:
And sorrow hath a price; and death is earn'd.

How sped, that night, th' apostate foot that stole
Along the suburb gloom of that wall'd way,
Where crouch'd the lion of Jerusalem;

And where, over her fallen strength, unfurl'd
Her pinion, then, Rome's wakeful bird of war !
Some wooer he of fearful sympathies,
That would invoke th' untimely influence,
A baptism unto ill : though silent—loud
In imprecation's look ; and, to the full,
Peopling the vacant world of his lone way
With forms, impalpable, of living fear.
As one that did in difficult keeping hold
Himself from some that strove with him, he seem'd,
In hidden strength ; as one o'ercome that was
Of long resistance : yielding him at length
To mastery ; that not defiance, now,
But strong despair was resolution to him ;
And he would brave captivity, afoot,
That had to conquest basely bow'd the knee.
And he, that inward wrestler, self slain,
Ignobly where he fell, as proudly there
Would lie : as who, with sin infatuate,
Should make his bed in hell !

Deem'd he of rest—

That where the cold earth spread her saturate shroud
Of midnight dew, he had his sward couch made ;
And lain him—meetly, in his godless mood—
As the beast fills his lair.

Unblest the head

That not with oil of God anointeth it,
By vow invok'd—by supplication shed—
Unto repose !

And ill consign'd, the soul

Of that dark sleeper from its conscious bond,
Broke, in his wild dream free.

Who shall it hear—

The burthen of that vision dread—nor hold
That judgment to the guilty slumbered not?

He did imagine him in mortal strife

With th' mortal Foe—in what chill terror clad
The vital fire doth die in the quench'd heart

To encounter. Yet, not with the living seem'd
The strife: but where the solemn realm of Death
Most likely were: a vasty world of form
Unsubstanc'd—where one gloomy confine stretch'd
Of shade, and an impalpable obscure,
That an infinity veil'd into view,
Of shadowy things—such as will shape them oft
In the aerial—yet of character
So wanting life—no hues, were there, to shew
Of nature aught—or hint diversity:
No movement, making hazardous suspect
Of hidden cause: and a relation none,
In what did seem the yet identity
Of all. Nor yet, as sensibly oppos'd
Withstood he: but some armless strength upon him
Had power—and prevail'd: that all the sense
Of death did come upon the expiring soul—
Save its deliverance: and a pang that spake
Upon the dead heart, with a voice of flame,
Did utter words of torment—crying

Live !

Th' undying death, that not release doth know
 From the embodied thrall! The mortal yoke
 Be heavy on thee—and be evermore!

Instant, a burning hand upon his brow
 Did print some scath sign—that the madden'd brain
 Did boil beneath it: and a shriek, that rent
 The Hades of his spell imprison'd thought,
 Straight blasted forth—

The Death seeker!

And Death

Stood visible—attired, the terror king!
 Spectral he stood: and, to the indefinite
 Yet most appalled sense, miraculous:
 A shadow palpable—of rigid mien—
 Yet such as, than the baffled sight, had more
 The touch forbidden: emptiness as 'twere,
 That, dispossessing space, drew blank its form
 In the vacuity: form that no kin

Did bear to aught created : most forsworn
Of all that godlike liveth in the blest—
Or in the fall'n and damned cannot die.
Yet would th' affrighted sense apportion it—
That giant shade :—an aspect cold as hate—
And desperate as revenge—that breath'd forth looks
Of frozen flame—from eyes that winged were.
Mouth'd with the vortex bloodthirstily yaw'n'd
The monstrous misconceit : while all that else
To possible conformity might yield
One talon'd hand appear'd. Pall'd from the sight—
Savé, terrible, in this apocalypse,
He stood : and did that hand of ravin raise :
And from its aim fled forth the lightning flash,
That kindled up what seem'd a burning plain,
With cities in their ashes smouldering.
He clench'd it—and did wring the thunder out
In throes of panic-bearing wrath that clave
The dizzy expanse. And then the headlong flood
Went wallowing forth—and darkness after it,

That quench'd the champaign wide. And distantly
Rode on the ear a wailing, as the wind
Was on its warning way:—telling it came,
In burthen'd yet untold monotony—
A knell of tombless grief: and swept it on,
That simoom wild of sound, voic'd with the dead—
To hope—and with the living to despair—
Thrill'd, loud, and high, and heaven reverberating:
Such as the wreck souls forth into the storm,
Ere ocean hush the corporal pulse that beats
A hundred-hearted in her deep embrace,
The resurrection till. And then there came
Of th' ghosted dead, in lurid light, scarce seen,
A phantom throng in troop'd disorder by:
And these did glare upon him as they pass'd;
And beckon'd him, with grisly hand uplift—
Then fled forth of sight: and as they fled,
The cry of them in fiendlike laughter rang
Upon his palsied ear—

Hell from beneath

Is mov'd to meet thee !

And forthwith there fell,

Extinct, save in its ashes' paly light,

A meteor through the dark immensity,

Making th' abyss its way—the abyss that brake

Way unto it—till that the innermost

And utmost bowels of th' imprison'd deep

Lay in contorted hideousness expos'd

To the revolted sight—a teeming womb

Of life's most hated issues, infamous :

A fornix vast, that, rangeless from the eye

Ran wildering : meet refuge of the lost !

And with the lost in peopled loneliness

Laid waste—a multitudinous living horde,

Quicken'd in mutual hate, and craving all

In envious appetite that on itself,

Unnatural, did wholly prey.

And there,

As with the knowledge of evil smit, beheld

That dreamer of a guilty sleep, such things
As secret, save unto th' accursed, are :
Yet such as have report, for warning's sake,
This side the grave. So truth to us-ward leans.

There did arrest his eye's reluctance, then,
Firstly of all that pageant of despair,
—In fierce convention held, a multitude,
To break asunder mutually at strife—
Yet each, as of the other idolatrous,
To th' other bowing down—though seeming each
As he did suffer sacrilege—while all
Did agonize after what all did shun :
Accurst of worship—by the visible fear,
Upon them, of th' Eternal jealousy,
Eternally deserved and endur'd.

O bitter fruit of seed profanely sown,
In lust of prostituted love, that more
Did self, and every fellow vanity,

Than God affect. How many wage the sin !

Then into apparition started forth,
 In separate forms, and few, fleeing apart,
 As each from danger, all for refuge sped—
 None finding it—the souls of them that cried
 In atheist agony—

Th' eternal fire

Of being burns, and there is none to quench it !
 There's none can crush the worm ! There is no God !

And there did answer these, unseen, but loud,
 For they were many, and from darkness came
 The hydra tongued vociferance—th' unsav'd
 Of earth—her offspring infidel—more lost
 For light of truth, in reason's lamp put out—
 Reason so call'd—and so accredited—
 As spake the perishing in that reply—

God is ! but who hath seen Him? or may know,

Than this dread doubt remov'd, or less or more?
How in the heaven of knowledge is He known?
How in the hell of ignorance He is!

Ten thousand footed, then, stalk'd out to view,
In diverse guise, but miserable all,
A tortur'd crowd that seem'd in suppliance vain
To wrestle—some in cries—in gesture some—
And hungering all, as they did cleave the deep
Demanding—

Who will shew us any good?

And many did blaspheme—that, of their words,
Blindness, and plagues, and death did come upon them :
Endless did come—for still did imprecate
The smitten and the slain—and judgment gave
No rest.

And there were that did rage in thirst
Perpetual—and for their own blood rent
Their veins—their parched veins—that did but mock

Th' unsated yet intoxicate desire :
And these did howl, maniacal, and cry

Give! Give! there's Lethe in the cup!

Again,

And there toil'd forth a restless multitude
Into the barren plain—that heav'd with nought
Save of their travail—idly, wearily,
Yet without rest, or end, that long had wrought:
And variously: some at the tillage yoke
Did tire—seeming to sow sterility:
And others in lean caves, and mines of want,
Pin'd busily. Here they did Babels build—
In endless imperfection, finishing:
And there, with wrecks did barter strength—for nought.
A labour all, that not remission knew.
The sun stood still upon it: day and night,
Forgetting of their courses, were forgot:
Save one, that would not die to memory—

And that was holy : and to them it brought
No hope : though they did call upon its name :
Yea, as the cry of their affliction rose,
This only pierced the hard ear of hell—

The Sabbath—no, there will no Sabbath come!
—And their voice died away.

Then, suddenly,
Brake, from beneath, the boiling element,
That, swam th' unfathomable floor of hell
One fiery flood—that, with the billowy flame
Lash'd midway, lighted up the rock rent walls
Their leagues of cleft and crag : and, as the vault,
Threw up that flood its red reflection high—
Flush'd with the spoils of wreck, that burning lay
Upon its weltering. Peopled it was—
That ocean Erebus—whose swollen wave
Did swarm with agonizing, drowning, life—
The outcast of the storm—as here, anon,

Some struggled forth upon the mounting surge,
 And to its crest of scorching foam threw out
 Beseeching hands—and drew down after them
 Their shroud. The deep gave way—and others bar'd
 Their heads above it—gasp'd, and shriek'd, and died.
 Some to the floating embers of their bark
 Did clench, at once—their strength, and their despair.
 And others, toss'd upon th' imminent beach,
 Midway, did scale the cliffs of living coal—
 Till parch'd with th' heat insufferable, they fell
 Foul from their shrivel'd hold : and as they dropt
 Into the dense and stifling deep, that clos'd
 Upon their death-cry—burthen'd thus it brake,
 Then blent, with silence—

Perish'd hath the hope

Of th' hypocrite !

—And all was night again.

What of the dreamer ?

Mortal tones were now

In his opprest and half awaken'd ear:
And mortals now did guest his vision.

Who?

Was it the Gentile? sate the Sanhedrim
Encamp'd, where Roman sentinels their watch,
Uncircumcis'd, did keep?—The Paschal there?
How blushes into flame the angry cup—
In hands unclean!—

Hold!—not these ravish'd lips
Shall drink your force. Away—I will not touch!
There's blood within it!

Gold is it ye give?
It burns my eyeballs blind!—
Revenge!—whose tongue
Did scorch mine ear with that?—

How thirty pieces?
Tell pence from th' poor!—who multiplies revenge?
—That were an alchymy—

Iscariot!

And if I not ignore the name so spelt,
This freedom with it publishes you not—
Who are ye?

And the torches' light that led
The look of this demand, had fixed it
Upon the cohort of the Roman there.

* * * * *

Lend me thy sorrowing shade, Gethsemane,
That I may quench this terror in thy tears,
For they are sacred ! and the sympathy
That weeps to Him who once thy sadness wept
To this remembrance, for a chastening
Shall be : these thoughts—O too familiar !
From taint of ill discourse, unwilling held,
In sometime scene that hath this travel staid,
Meekly to heal : and may my pilgrim feet,
From sandal free, now in thy holy dews
Refresh them : not forbidding He, the sought
Through all this way : and might I deem Him serv'd,
By aught my toil may not his truth default,
Him found—Him shar'd—my more than need I have !

Where Cedron sheds her sickly stream, hard by,
That to the grave of waters travelleth, (a)
And lowly laves the mountain foot that spreads

Its olive pasture there : where oft, remote
 The City's tumult from—its pastimes vain—
 And all the envious soliciting
 Of human aims—that hinder—in this lone
 And spirit soothing place, th' unworldly hour,
 Affliction with averted foot, might well
 From other life redeem: as oft—and less
 May I presume, how well, than supplicate
 To learn—alone, would thither make resort
 Messiah—

There, unto His hour at hand,
 In strait of sorrow's zeal, addressing Him,
 That night beheld : follow'd—forsaken, there!

Few are the guests that sorrow hath—her feast
 Of tears to keep: albeit a healthier cheer
 Be hers, than crowns the cup of merriment.
 Who were the bidden that night?

The self elect,
 That dar'd the high communion—to the Cross,

In price of glory, and in pledge of zeal,
Aspirant—Cephas, and the plighted sons
Of Salome.

How of the guest-rites paid
Unto their presence ?

Not the shrine had gain'd
That Priest of the heart's living, deep, once pour'd
And dear oblation—ere, in other sense
Of thirst—that drinks repose—their threefold strength
Was slumbering. And where the midnight deep,
Within that grove's most depth of dim retreat,
Lay upon all things—drowning height and hue—
In meditation left, and loneliness,
Betook Him to his sorrow's reckoning,
Ransom of ours—for us chastis'd—our Peace.

What to this lay of sadness shall I bring,
Who know not holiness, or aught can tell
How should perfection lend itself to tears ?

O idle! Is the mystery not more,
How this humanity should unto Him
A tabernacle be, who over all
Is God, for ever rightfully ador'd?
Know this: and by the Spirit justified—
By angels seen—by men's apostleship—
And by the world's predestinate belief
Approv'd, a sign is giv'n, all wonder else
Making familiar. Say, of this, how wrought
Necessity for cause—the almighty need,
That saw that there was none—and wondered—
No intercessor, the world's amnesty
With God's high vindication to atone:
That unto it His own arm brought salvation—
And this the zeal—that, in what weakness slain
This prostrate being lay, that holy arm
Did perfect strength—O this acquaintance make
With stranger truth, nor vainly question more
What virtue hath with suffering to do!

My soul is sorrowful—

'Twas thus assay'd

That mighty grief unequal utterance—

Empierc'd of ill, cast down, encompassed :

Amazement utter taketh hold upon me.

Watch with me, ye that of this trial are—

For unto death my soul is sorrowful !

Number thy sins, offending world ! thy sins—

That sand the shore of this deep agony !

How many, in the momentary tale

That whispers up the hourly account,

That speaks the days that shout the annual sum,

Until thy generations thunder them

To heaven's audit ? Number them, since Time

Hung out his roll blank on the breast of morn,

Facing futurity—until his cripple age

Shall bear it, ponderous, and, bowing down,

Shall die disburthening—the final seat

Before—many as man hath been—and full

As is the unit heart, that breedeth sin :
Thus, till the myriad multiplicity
Doth numbers leave at fault : then say—if then
Affrighted speech forsake thee not, how once—
O all sufficient once ! how then, surcharg'd,
With bitterness, the offering heart should be—
The curse of such accumulate crime that bears—
A cure unto such mortal malady
That bleeds to bring !

Once more, thou great offence !

That sham'st the company of worlds that keep
Their courses round the same all seeing sun—
Think, if the minded immorality
That doth of reason boast, be capable !
What, in the angry sight of holiness,
Is this the God and grace revolting sum
Of thy transgression ? What in heaven's eye,
That its strong purity of vision bares
To every beam of brightness terrible,
But not the mote endures to stain its orb

From out the sheen and else unsullied ray :
What to the justice that doth mediate
With even balance, God and thee between,
With plighted hand the right to vindicate—
The wrong to avenge ?

Light up thy mountains, earth,
With flaming incense ! Let the rent hills weep
In cataracts of blood ! There's not a plea
In all this argument, shall thee avail
Against that arbiter !

Yet, hear, thou world !

For to denunciation stronger yet
I summon thee, in thine obnoxious name—
Not justice sues, bereaved of her own,
In what loud yearning importunity
She doth assail the judgment, tongued with blood—
As this that cries against thee. Hear it—for
It is thy last ! Perchance repentance here,
In thine eleventh hour of hardihood,
May timely yet find place. List thee to look

On Him thy sin hath pierced! Mourn for Him
 Thy bitterest drops! Nay, for thine own sake, mourn!
 'Tis mercy mourns to cry thee mercy.

See—

Where bends the suppliant!

Aye thy deed is done,
 Thou God dethroning guilt! He bends whom not
 The small dust of the balance doth attain,
 Pondering sin: whom not necessity
 Hath brought to the poor terms of pity's price:
 But whom thy waste, thou terrene prodigal,
 Hath wrung out of His plenteous estate,
 And glorious heritage of Godhead high.

He boweth down!

O resignation now,
 I know thee! not before—though letter'd oft
 In many a precept good; and of this blind
 Untoward heart—erring in endless lore—
 Ill read as oft! Submission not alone

Is like thee—stooping to another strength,
Than hers more strong—disquieting the while
The heart beneath its calm of countenance.
Nor patience bears the yoke with thee, that bears
In hope's endurance—recking of redress.
Thou dost the possible relief invoke—
And, seeing, lookest it away from thee—
Lighting thy will at heaven's look—and straight
The Amen setting as a seal upon thee.
I see thee in that prostrate form, albeit
The anguish, and the bloody sweat, I see.
The anguish—for the outcast of the world,
And the forsaken of His own, He is.
The passion too, that breaks the fleshly bound,
Exuding agony:—for not alone
The judgment stroke He suffereth—of sin
The mortal curse—the sting that terrors death.
All this it takes to mediate.

Hard task!

To brook at once, of sin and holiness,

The sceptre and the cross!

But well they deem

Who lay with other cause the great account,

This woe concerning.

Legions of the fallen!

That wage hell's influences—suffering whom,

No shrine hath goodness from invasion free—

Ill had she sought it here—though of all else,

Earth's refuges, here her retreat had been.

Ye hosts of hate! your worst of work malign

Hath found its doing: in what stricken life,

That weepeth here its unstash'd suffering,

Ye steep your arrows!

Son of God, and man!

The children of a time worn vale of tears,

In pilgrim generations, pass Thee by—

But none the wine press of Thy woe hath trod!

Nay, not the urn that should enshrine all tears,

A relic of the universal heart,

Won from this daily deluge, and preferr'd
An offering at affliction's altar, aught
Should these dear drops distil; or, else, exhale
One sigh of incense redolent as Thine!

'Tis done! The gall cup to his heart He takes—
Fill'd, fill'd with bitterness! And heaven's name
Is at His lips to pledge the deep draught there.
One only—last—one self revoking cry
Delivers Him! One prayer that perisheth,
Consum'd in its own incense, yieldeth up
The spirit—let, through this its passion, free!

Father—if it be possible—this cup
Take from me! Yet, not mine—Thy will be done!

Now blessed art thou, heaven's envoy, here!
That on thine angel errand prosperest,
This goal, upon thy swift obedience,

Timely to gain. And happy is thy part
In this emprise of glorious charity—
God's action great. The welcome's on thy wing,
Thou messenger, that com'st in happy hour,
In thine Elysian livery array'd,
Of sooth celestial. Of thy bidding high
Acquit thee, God entrusted! First, the due
Angelic, of divinest loyalty,
Unto the majesty unalienate—
That nearer knowledge, humbler than this pride
That lights our ignorance to unbelief,
In all the raiment of His wonder knows—
To render. Then, await thee His behest.
Thy Chieftain here unhelms him from the war :
Thy Conqueror bares his wounds upon the field,
For healing : yea, thy King his diadem,
And sceptre, stays upon thine arm awhile.
Avails thee now the royal audience.
Thine embassy fulfil. No foreign terms,
Though far, of peace and amity are thine.

Paternal greetings from the throne. The vow
Of heaven, in militant love's allegiance,
From Seraph armies sent. The choral cry
Of them that lift up, as the crystal flood
Its voice of waters to th' eternal rock
That paves the palac'd place of Deity,
Their hallelujahs high: the blessing theme
Of thousand times ten thousand, in their joy,
That ready were to perish—that did look
Upon the Lamb of God, and rose to life—
And that, in this great spectacle of love,
Do see the living roll of mystery
Another page unfold—another seal
Unto the charter of their glory set—
And wake anew the everlasting lyre,
Voic'd with eternal gladness, unto Him.
—This to thy greeting, Angel, take. And, done
Thine envied task—in richer light, array'd,
Than ever peer'd the son of favour yet,
With a world's smiling approbation on,

Back to thy better land—to heaven return !

The light untimely kindles on the gloom
That skirts the paradise, whose bitter root
This fount of frailty waters with its words.
The distant torches red are glimmering
Upon the faint horizon—like a stream
Of meteor constellation, things of fear
Into surmises throwing. 'Tis a sign
That well foreboding heart interpreteth,
Omniscient of its ill.

And where, infirm,
Beneath their willing zeal, are slumbering
His followers few—in what meek haste prepares
The victim love that dies into its life—
The Man of sorrows to that signal wakes
Their stricken sight.

Could ye not watch—He cries,
Ye weakly willing, but one hour with me ?

Sleep on, and rest ye now—if not around
Ye see temptation: sleep—if not the hour
Of this my oft forewarning is at hand—
And he that doth betray me!

Through the brake

The scatter'd fire lights glow and gather on,
Piercing the foliage rents with many a ray
Far reaching. And the sound of footsteps, now,
Makes way upon the ear; and the loud hum
That breaks suppression on the riot tongue
Of multitude. The rustling's in the breeze
Of their next breath. Falls full the glare
Of the wind crested flambeaux at their feet—
And eyes, and hands, and voices are upon them!

One to my need. O less than such an one,
But for this reprobation, had suffic'd.

Who art thou, haggard—that, irresolute,

Yet in the van of this intrusion com'st?
 The look of One encounters thee—of One
 Thou damn'st acquaintance with.

Perfidious!

There's treason on thy tongue—

Hail Master!

Hear

What words divorce thee, bondsman from the hire
 Of that familiar sense.

Friend—wherefore this?

Whom seek ye: that with swords and staves ye come,
 As they that lack dishonest company?
 That armed band are straitly challenged.

Jesus of Nazareth—

The multitude

Of clamorous tongues make answer.

I am he!

And Jesus, in his mien of majesty,

Now couples terror with His name : for now
They shrink—they stagger to retreat—they fall !
They—one only except.—There standeth yet by Him
One, in his deadly hold of aspect fixt,
Looking the purpose of despair—the pride
Of fall'n success—and he Iscariot !
The signal summons them—the traitor sign—
Clings to the sacrilege the liar lip—
And they arise around him.—

And, at length,

Captive, as it is written of Him goes
The Son of Man, heaven's earthly sojourner—
Messiah—Maker—Martyr of a world !

And with your train funereal, that lends
One graceful sorrow to the rude array
Of death that gathers now at Golgotha,
Unto whose house of blood now upward bears
That weary Wayfarer, of all our ill

The bitter emblem—more than that, the load—
Goal of his race of suffering—the Cross—
This passion, daughters of Jerusalem,
Would willing end: though not for Him to weep—
More, at his bidding, for itself to bear
Repentant witness. Nor, while other end
Claims me diverted from that better aim,
May I one contrite hold on Calvary
Forego—remembering, Thou slain for me,
My adding to thy sum of sorrow there!

And other end doth hold me, girded, on
My way declining. Where shall I repose
My staff, that not with age is worn, but yields
To weakness: where my palmer weed, ill worn,
Put off in peace—for other ordinance?

It is no shrine for me—that holy hearth—
Albeit the ashes of her incense strew
Of priestly feet the inner place of pride,

The Temple's floor. It is no shrine for me—
Albeit with robes of rited sanctity
Her courts are skirted now: and at their seat
Her hierarchy are gather'd in her halls,
In matin pomp and proud solemnity,
Great as their guilt. Yet must I tarry here,
Constrain'd of what, to this mine argument,
Doth yet remain.

'Tis to profanity
The echoes wake within that vaulted fane,
To some unaw'd approach, that blesseth not
Its foot upon the threshold of its way—
Some godless errand on.

Is't for redress,
That in the phrensy of complaint he seeks—
That breathless and dishevell'd fugitive,
With foot of haste outstripping reverence,
And making trespass of the righteous pale
Of judgment? he that doth outcry the wind

Of strained worship that is filling now
That sky of sanctuary—that doth menace make
Of his entreaty—that demands—that dares,
Seeks out, confronts, and takes—the Sanhedrim ?

It is! The price of venal arbitry
Is in that hand of beggary held up,
That with the vow of violence doth swear,
Upon his temples, to the covenant deed.
It is! For at their feet is pleading now,
Cast forth and thirty-fold, his grievance sum.
—Words to their telling !

Judges of the deed—

The blood is innocent this hand hath shed !
This hand that lifts at your tribunal up
Its angry palm. Partakers of the deed—
Witness to mine ablution of the lie
That ever, on the slanderous tongue of time,
Shall brand me in your name confederate !

Take back! Take back, with usury of this hate,
 That heaves, I know how impotently here
 Against ye all, these wages of my sin!
 But, give back——

How the murmur works!

The lost——

Give——give me back the lost——

See thou to that——

They cry in scorn——Judas Iscariot!

And to the license of that judgment goes
 The unavenged of a self wrought wrong,
 To retribution self administer'd——
 Departing——whither?

O idolatrous!

Ambition's race of evil ever thus
 Runs hoodwink'd through its course of conflict whole:
 And darkest deeds are foremost at the goal!

THE END.

NOTE TO BOOK V.

(a)

“That to the grave of waters travelleth,”

The brook Cedron, flowing between the city and the mount of Olives, takes the valley east of Jerusalem, and loses itself in the Dead Sea.



